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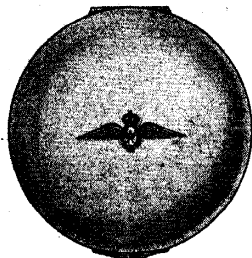
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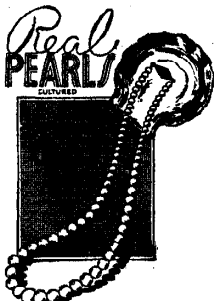
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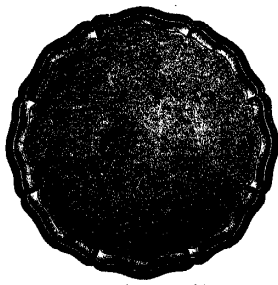
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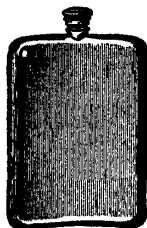
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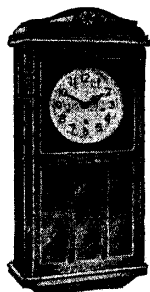
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deadly rabies, so often transmitted to Man by the bite of a mad dog, belongs to the past. Rinderpest, the cattle plague that kills millions of beasts in Europe and Africa, does not now exist. Anthrax is no longer a farmer's nightmare. Destructive diseases of sheep and lambs due to gas gangrene bacilli can be prevented and cured. Foot and mouth disease is better under control than anywhere else in Europe. But these achievements, great in themselves, are no more than a beginning on a small scale. Similar problems on a much vaster scale remain to be tackled in India. Not to mention the need to extend the fight to diseases such as tuberculosis, contagious abortion, mastitis, sterility and ill-health due to parasitic worms — diseases which are estimated to cost £20 millions a year within the small compass of the British Isles alone! How much more do they cost India? In the era of preventive animal medicine, now opening, synthetic organic chemicals will play a decisive part. The worker in the biological research laboratory and the chemist in the factory are uniting to help the veterinary profession to control the diseases of animals and thereby sustain the health of the nation.



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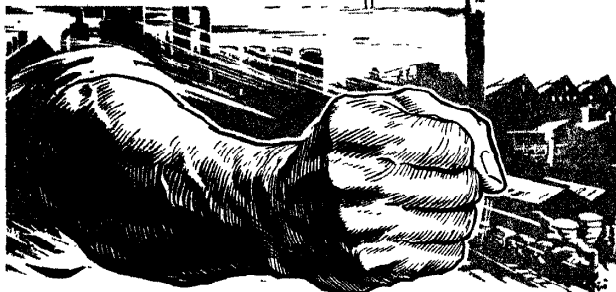
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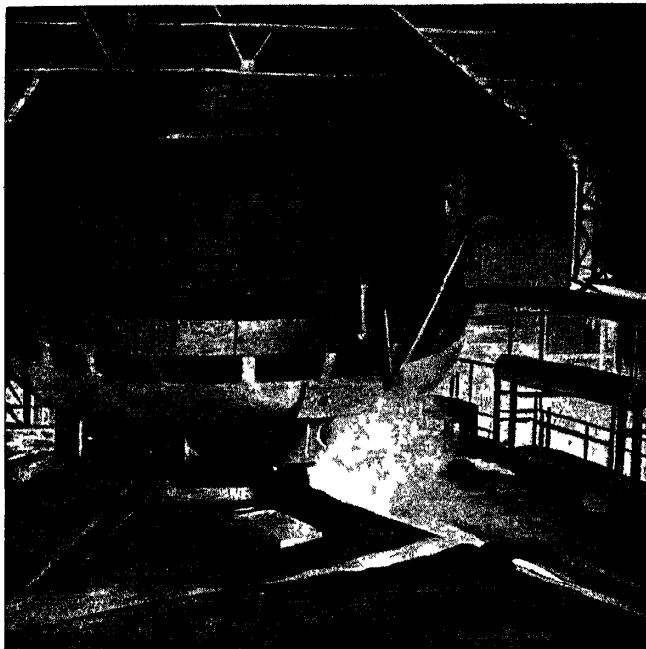
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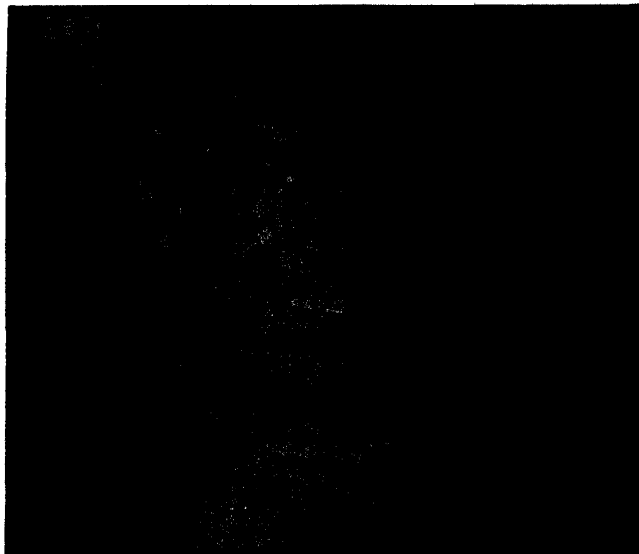
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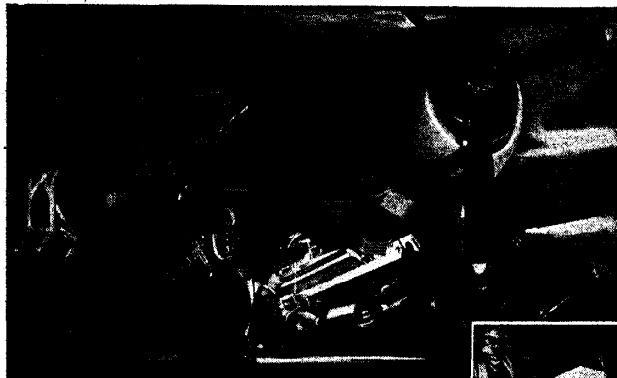
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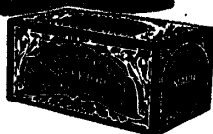
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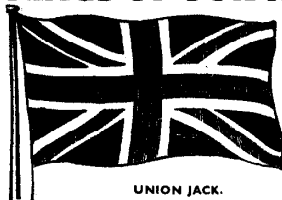
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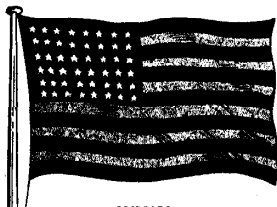
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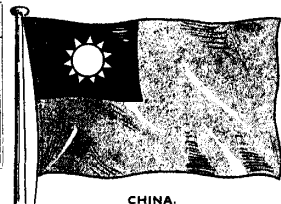
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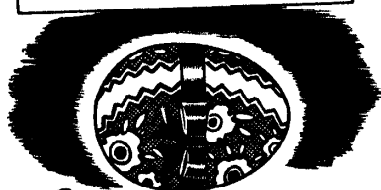
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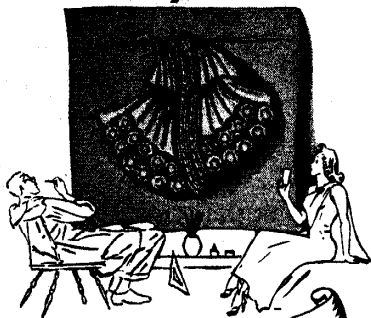
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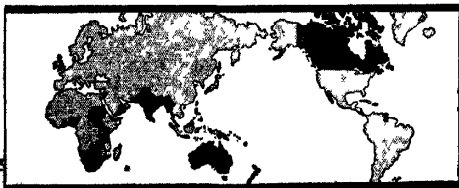
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TO CONTRIBUTORS

Features and Photographs Wanted.

THE Editor of *The Onlooker* invites authors and writers to submit short stories, articles of a "Hunting, Shooting and Fishing" nature, articles on women's subjects, and humorous articles and verse. He will also be glad to consider photographs of a social nature, such as appear in *The Onlooker* month by month. Payment will be made at the usual rates. Stamped envelopes should be enclosed with MSS and photographs if they are to be returned. Engagement and similar photographs will not be paid for. Photographs should be accompanied by descriptions typed separately. If written on the back names must be clear and distinct.

"THE ONLOOKER"

United India Building,
Sir Phiroozshah Mehta Road,
BOMBAY

The ONLOOKER

Vol. VI

April 1944

No. 4

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To Readers

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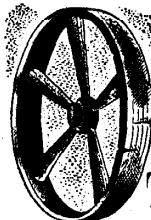
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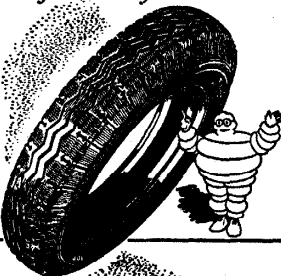
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The ONLOOKER

sees most of the game

Vol. VI.

APRIL 1944

No. 4

*charming picture
"the Shah of Persia
and his family
'seen by Cecil
Deaton during his
recent visit to that
country.*





Her Majesty, Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands, conferred the Knight Grand Cross of the Order of Orange-Nassau on Air Chief Marshal Sir Richard Peirse, Air Commander-in-Chief, South East Asia, in recognition of the excellent co-operation of the R.A.F. with Her Majesty's Forces in defence of the Netherlands East Indies against the Japanese. Sir Richard Peirse recently received the insignia from the hands of Monsieur A. Meren, Netherlands Consul-General at New Delhi. Monsieur A. Meren and Sir Richard Peirse are here seen with guests present at the ceremony. They include:—Sir Jeremy and Lady Raitman, in whose house the ceremony took place; Gen. Sir George Gifford, Lt.-General Sir Edwin Morris, Air Marshal Sir Guy Garrod, Brig.-General Eugene H. Beebe, U.S. Air Force; Rear Admiral G.J.A. Miles, Air Vice Marshal Goddard and Mrs. Goddard, Lady Auchinleck and Sir Archibald Rowlands. Among the Dutch ladies and officers were:—Madame Meren, Monsieur Hasselman, Netherlands' Vice-Consul; Capt. J. H. P. Perks, Cmdr. K. J. A. Meester, Netherlands Naval Air Service, and Capt. J. F. Van Poederan, R.N. Army.

Looking On:

Women War Workers

THE opening of a new headquarters for the W.V.S. in Delhi and the encouraging address given by Her Excellency, Viscountess Wavell, has given a fresh impetus to enrolment in that body of unofficial, unpaid but enthusiastic war workers. So has the news brought by recent arrivals from England and Australia of the tremendous sacrifice being made by women in these countries.

War work is essential from two points of view. The women who do it are doing something in their own line or are trained to something new which urgently requires doing—it is national work of the first importance to the war effort. On the other hand, it is important as there is nothing more dangerous than an idle woman in these days of mental strain. She is dangerous in that, being outside of the circle of workers, she is inclined to be bitter about it and reactionary in her outlook.

There is no excuse today for the idle woman. There is far more work to be done in every centre than there are helpers and yet it is today a regrettable fact that among the better classes of European and Indian women there are still quite a number who have not faced the position fairly and squarely and gone all out to help win this war in quick time. Their help is most urgently required and ignorance can be no defence as a hundred different avenues are open to them. If they are at a loss as to where to begin they only have to read "The

Onlooker" or look at many of its photographs and they will see what other women are doing right through the country. India is proud of those women and they

deserve the fullest credit and support.

Somewhat slow off the mark in the matter of uniforms for women workers, there are today

smart turnouts for almost every service and a woman sacrifices nothing in charm by wearing any of them. Her efficiency and that of her service, however, is considerably increased and she can experience something of that *esprit de corps* which a uniform and a unit engenders.

On the other hand the woman who is shy of getting into uniform (and there are many) will find other ways of service open to them through the ranks of the W.V.S. To them is given a badge which indicates to the world at large that they are doing their bit.

The Onlooker.

Tropical Birds.....!



The Stool Pigeon

"... some little birds are quiet at home on a perch."

To My Wife

I have a lovely photograph
That stands upon my desk,
And sometimes, when I look
at it

Through half a veil of tears,
I reach towards my memory
To span the dragging years,
And as my eyes grow still
more dim

It almost disappears.
Then from the frame I see
my love

As though it were to-day,
Come stepping out towards
me

In her own special way,
She has a special smile for me
That only we two know,
She's radiant in her loveliness,

Why am I honoured so?
I'm blinded by a mist of
tears,

And when I look again,
There is my lovely photograph,
Still standing in its frame.

C. E. G.

Sandspytte

Being An Extract
From The Diary of
Daniel Jepsys
Traveller

By "Michael."

OF delights bath this city of Kurrachee, but small endowment of nature, so are her citizens much set upon their wits for the devising of sports and pastimes and this especially in time of war.

Hence prevails the custom prevailing in this city, whereby certain rich merchants and officers of the Crown et alia betake themselves upon the Lord's Day by water to a parcel of desert, nomine Sandspytte, that lieth to the westward beside the sea, and there despite themselves with their wives and their children in bathing and drinking of ales and sundry curious waters of the country and in copious eating of meats, and thereafter in sleeping upon beds, for they have upon this strand built, albeit of a rough and ready fashioning, wherein to shelter from the sun's heat and from the rude prying of their fellows and of the barbarous fisherfolk that do inhabit those parts. And in these divers pastimes they do make merry and are of exceeding good cheer from morn till eve returning only in the dusk, when you shall see the sails of their cratts come silently like great scudbugs born across the waters to their haven.

Now, as it chanced, about the tenth day of my sojourn in Kurrachee, that a certain certain nation did bid me be of my number upon an expedition to this said Sandspytte, so I did sail forth at cock-crow, (as it seemed to me who am no disciple of the sun in this matter of rising), and sat me in a "ghurchee," (which is a most villainous sort of coach commonly offered hire to these parts).

Nevertheless, during this "ghurchee" lying down as by a scurvy nag as I ever clapped eyes on, yet did the vile and unbecomingly so flutter forth in front of his post. Dublin that he did come merrily enough within the space of half an hour unto the jetty at which the boats did lie; where, sooth to say, I did most thankfully see four once more upon Mother Earth for the swaying and the swaying and the groaning of the couch, which had no little affrighted me upon the way.

Yet had I not taken above two paces from the spot, when I was set upon by such a mass of foul and stinking knives as, pray God, shall never again be my ill fortune to fall in with; and they a-catching at my limbs and calling upon in their harsh tongues in some such wise as: "Koolisbar, koolisbar," so that I could scarce live for the throng and the screech of them. And assuredly had I seen both their hands and disposition at their hands but that there came among them a stout english sergeant, who did lay about him most lustily crying in a loud voice, "Boker, boker," and "Sub cheese wopuns" to their great despite so that they were speedily put to flight; and thus to my deep content, I did put me in mind of him of whom the prophet Isaiah spake, when he said, "One thousand shall flee at the rebuke of his name."

Anon to the water's edge and my host and hostess there awaiting me with their two children and these being of a most sprightly humour, they did bid me and my tortoise for a plaything and the other a little spade for the building of castles upon the strand. Wherein, methought, might lie happily the seeds of dissension; and rightly so, for we had been but a small while upon the water and there arose a contention betwixt the wain, the one desiring the tortoise and the other not willing that he should have it. And anon the brother aiming his sister upon the head with his spade, she fell to lamenting preciously; and upon the father chastising his son for his cruelty there arose such an ululation about the waters as did affright the very



"REALLY Huh!—You may have been bestman at my wedding, but you needn't start aspiring to be co-respondent, at my divorce!"

fowls among the mangroves encompassing the creek. And thereafter pace for a while; for mine host, perceiving the cause belli, to wit the tortoise, lying upon her back upon the floor all unwinding of the tray, did take her up and press her straitly within a little basket beneath the stair; where, did lie great comfort for the tortoise, this same basket containing many fair meats and salads devised for the delighting of our company. And she anon, having had her fill of feasting, did contrive to clamber from her delectable durance and thence upon the boat's floor all besmeared with pates and sauces to the great present incrimination and later discomf of us all. And so softly to Sandspytte albeit not in great haste, for that we did lodge a while upon a mudflat, at which time the sailors going overboard to lighten our craft, needs must mine host's great load of a dog do likewise; and being brought at last inland again did so go about and shake himself as by hisperator us mightily with water and mud to our great discomfort.

Thereafter upon our coming to Sandspytte mine host did straight way press me that I should bathe. But I, mindful of the great rudeness of the waves and moreover of certain tales I had heard concerning a little mean sort of fish known as Bluchette or Portuguese Man-of-war in this sea, the which, they say, stingeth most horribly, would not do so. But mine host, using presently down to the sea, did shortly perceive him hopping like a wild Horrento and crying "Ho" and "Hey" in a great voice; and coming nimbly anon to the boat he did groan and blaspheme most vilely, calling upon his wife for liquor wherewith to assuage his discomfort; the which, alas, he could not give him for the lack of some device, which they do call in these parts the "Solitor Cheese." Wherefore he, greatly wroth, did seize a bottle of ale and brake the neck thereof upon the sill to the manifest fact that the ale did run suddenly out for the most part upon my nose, at which mishap he did laugh most heartily and I too, for the matter of that, albeit

with less conviction. And but a little while later, to add to the sum of our misfortune, did mine host's great load of a dog in leaping higher and higher crash down and break the flask containing the ice wherewith to cool our drinks to mine hostess's great sorrow, such flasks being very costly, it seems, in these warlike times.

And thereafter having drunk somewhat of warm ale and a warm gin or two with and having eaten of such meats as the tortoise had not seen fit to drille, I, under the persuasion of Strophicus, did go and lay me full gladly upon a mattress within the shade. But mine host, perceiving me, did upbraid me sorely for my slothfulness, saying that there were dishes to be washed. And so down to the sea with a pile of platters; and I somewhat cast down albeit smiling bravely within. Moreover, in this disgusting employ did I acquit myself to the great displeasure of mine host for the breaking of a dish and the loss of a piece or twain of cutlery in the surf. "Durns," sed levius fit patientia, as Placcus hath it.

Thereafter at last to bed, but not to sleep; for scarce had I lain upon it when mine host's son coming secretly did contrive to unlatch it so that it fell straightway down and did engulf me utterly within its beams and canvas. And while I lay thus helpless this same sprig did fall to mocking my plight most mirthfully and to burying me with sand in such wise as would have done credit to any sexton. And being at last released from my imprisonment and half choked with sand whilst all thoughts of sleep being now fled from me, I did

"Five Per Cent For Heating!"

On Simla's icy mountain-top
We live—mid snow and hail and
sleet—
Mid cold and rain—
With frozen feet—
Without a drop of water hot!
Our noses red—
Our spirits blue—
We are a patriotic crew!
There is one thing that we
resent,
And it is that extra five per cent

FOR HEATING!

Hotels are draughty, bleak, and
cold
But still they charge "for
heating!"
And if the inmates make so bold
To summon courage to complain,
Their rates are only raised again
At the next Directors' Meeting!
We're rather smelly and unwashed
Because there's no hot water—
And if we ask for it we're squashed
And told we didn't oughter!
We're told we're awfully lucky
To pay double for a stibble,
And that we must be plucky
And remember those unable
To live in all this "luxury"
Where hotels thrive in pneumonia
And think how *nurse* off we would
be
Were we in Enemy Territory—ee—
(But that's not helping you and
me!)—
And still we pay for "heating!"

Chorus

We've measles and chills
And all other ills
To which the flesh is heir.
We're cold and we're damp—
We've chubins and cramp—
We've no coal and scant wood—
We'd be clean—if we could—
But we've no water for washing—
And what is so crushing—
And so dashed unfair—
And so hard to bear—
And what takes so much beating—
And causes this sad bleating—
Is, as I hope you're aware,
THAT WE'RE STILL PAYING
FOR "HEATING!"

"Pmuf."

resign myself thenceforth to gazing
sadly upon the sea and did get me a
great headache therefrom, so that I was
hard put to it thereafter to wear the
proper air of enjoyment fitting to this
sort of occasion.

And at last, the evening growing chill,
to the boat again to my content, and so
homeward peacefully, strange to say,
but that the tortoise did fall overboard,
whether by design or chance I know not,
to the great grief of the little mad, who
would not be comforted for all that her
father did assert again and again that
this same tortoise was but a turtle in
truth and would fare exceeding well in
the water.

And so to mine own lodgings and to
the ease of mine own chair and a goblet
of fair scotch whisky. And anon to me
springing and pondering my contentment
did come a messenger bearing a billet,
the which I opening did read as follows:

"Dear Mr. Jepsys, We are making up
a party for next Sunday for Sandspytte
and would be very happy if you would be
of our number—"

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Letters To A Military Secretary

By "Blew."

C/O No. 1001 P.O. DE COLOGNE,
20 JAN. 1944.

From
Brevetier A. Theuk,
(ex-Millegros).

MY DEAR PERCY,
"Love conquers all," as the WREN said to the Embarkation Officer at Bombay, "except me, Major." And were even than the Japs I hate unblinking over money matters with a friend—so you can have my aiguelletes and feathers for 150 bucks down.
Oh boy, this jungle stuff is great. You must have seen in the papers how we caught that bunch of Japs at Somachudang? My chaps, wizards. Trained em myself. Send the cheque to my bank.

Love to all,
ALBERT.

GOVT. HOUSE,
1 FEB.

From
The Lady File.
PERCY,

The Red Cross Dance. We are giving it in G.H. on St. Patrick's Day in March. At dinner last night with Sir Jasper Hooghly I arranged the following details:

Date: St. Patrick's Day, 21st March.
Band: The Boogie-Woogies from the Frolic. (Try and get their services free.)

Supper: We will give it.
Bar: Major Leggermain of the Races will run it.
Tickets: Rs. 5 each. You will arrange.

Publicity: I think you can do this also.
Cubaret: I feel sure Lois would like to do this. How is she? I haven't seen her lately?

Sir Jasper said we should get 2,000 people, which will be about 20,000 for the Red Cross if managed properly. Marvellous, isn't it?

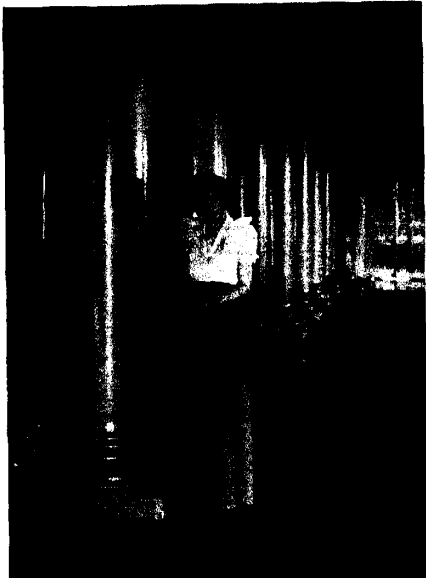
M. F.

BOMBUTIA,
3 FEB.

From
Sir Jasper Hooghly.
Chairman, Amalgamated Consolidation.

MY DEAR SNORRYNGE,
Since Lady File discussed our plans for the Red Cross Ball next month I have had time to put our proposals down on paper for you to work on, viz: (a) Bar. Horsey Leggermain, the trainer, has agreed to run it. He'll do it all right, but for the sake of our stomachs, I suggest the liquor. He'd dilute cubaret super with arrack and call it Scotch to make two annas profit.
(b) Band. Cut out all this waggling swing stuff.
(c) Tickets and Publicity. Don't be afraid to splash your advertisements. It always pays. You should be able to sell 2,000 tickets, which should give us a profit of about 7,000.

(d) Cubaret. If you arrange one make it hot.
(e) Date. St. Loothin's Day, 25th March, I think. Look it up.
Yours aye,
J. HOOGHLY.



Cecil Beaton.

An attractive picture of Mrs. Paterson, wife of Lt.-Col. V. J. E. Paterson, who commands a battalion of the Bombay Grenadiers. Mrs. Paterson is a New Zealander. This is a typically Beatonque photograph in which the artist has made full use of the beauty of Calcutta's Government House.

BOMBUTIA,
3 FEB.

From
Lady Folgerous.
MY DEAR MAJOR SNORRYNGE,

What can I do to help you with the Red Cross Ball? I have been looking after some charming little girls, Wacs and Wrens. We could arrange a short Cabaret of Folk Songs, Gavottes and Country Dances in rustic costumes if Captain Costigan and Captain Abbut would help us with the male parts. We would require only four rehearsals with the band in the ball-room if you would arrange transport for all.

Yours sincerely,
AMELIA FOREGRAS.

P.S. Bombutia has never seen anything like this before.

TURI CLUIR,
BOMBUTIA,
5 FEB.

From
Major Leggermain.
MY DEAR PERCY,

Jasper, curse him, Hooghly has landed me like a sucker to run the Bar for the Red Cross Do on St. Andrew's Day at the end of March. It's a big job these hard days as you know most people go to dances to get drink. I reckon we'll need 12 cases of Scotch to attract the dancers. So will you get the Excise Commissioner to permit me to buy 3 cases of Scotch, and I'll fix the rest. I'll make 100 per cent profit and serve 'em right.
I feel better as hell about drink in war-time. My stomach is so acid that when I breathe on blotting-paper it behaves like litmus.
Yours, HORSEY.

THE FROLIC,
BOMBUTIA,
6 FEB.

From
Ignatius Rzydsko,
Maestro, Boogie-Woogie Symphony,
Swing Dynamic Orchestra.

SIR,
Your kind letter of 2nd to hand with regard to 'Their Excellencies' appeal for my orchestra for the Red Cross. We are delighted to accept the invitation.

We are reserving the following hot swing numbers just orchestrated from an American squeeze-box friend entitled:

1. "You can swing me like my baby but you can't love me to bye-bye, baby."
2. "Arakant you love me, Tojo, you soso?" (Words by Captain Bud Abbut.)
3. "Your lips, June, may drip soon in the monsoon, dear, but dawn will crack some day."

Our maestro percussion lyricist, Aloysius Toscanini, is enjoying Hot Festival that period but am glad to inform you Captain Abbut has kindly consented to officiate on the drums.

Yours respectfully,
I. RZYDSKO.

MAESTRO.

G. H.,
6 FEB.

From
Captain Lew Costigan, A.D.C.

PERCY, OLD TANK,
Out riding with H.E. this morning he suggested that we should have a St. Patrick's Day Dinner for old Trinity College men on the sacred 17th March

Mixed Cricket

By "Rex"

Inspired by a memorable cricket match at Rawalpindi.

THE ladies play the doctors. Near the statue of the Queen, But all the ladies don't yet know the game. So their Captain sent a memo (Which I'm lucky to have seen) Giving hints about the playing of the same.

Pam Hall she is the Captain, And I'd like to see her bowl! The leather sphere reminding of her name But she put herself at wicket—She was right, upon my soul! For her keeping was a feature of the game!

She detailed all the bowlers, Several days before the match. To enable them to practice for the day: Sent a warning to the fielders that they must not miss a catch, And which should move when "cove's" called—which say.

She further told the fielders To return the fielded ball To the bowler or the wicket-keeper's end—Whichever might be nearest! And on no account at all To be late! (She knows her act's fatal trend!)

They could dress in shorts or trousers, But the latter she advised for more comfort in the strapping of the pads! And so make the chances even, She had cunningly devised Left-hand batting—ays, and folding—for the bats!

How in Para 6 I found it! What I'd long been waiting for—"Play an hour each way!"—and then to hear or read it at once! I can search it Wide-un-finding it a bore! (How much better than two days, or maybe three!)

So I'm going out to see it. And I'll tell you what I saw. On the Sports Ground near the Statue of Queen Vic. (In case there may be bruises, How convenient it will be! Having all the doctors there, to tend the sick.)

The ladies faced the bowling And they hit it strong and true. And the tall (who bowed) and the stout (who had to bow) Didn't do so badly either. By the time the hour was over The score was three and seventy. (Of that The Captain made the highest With fifteen, and Joyce made twelve. (She picked the brains of those who went before, And remarked that it was obvious if you really cared to delve That the way to score was boundary, boundary four!)

A senior Sapper, watching "Oh, you stupid women! I cried, When they couldn't make their minds up if to run. It was Pam whose balls were lifted—She, the one who really tried!—(I was hooped, just for saying "Ain't it fun!") "He's a dreadful man, the bowler!" "But the wicket-keeper's a pet—He tells you when to run and when to stay!" "Oh, yes, you should be down, but ha!" "No, we won't come out just yet—Through our Captain says 'declare.' We want to play!"

Their thinking quite surprised me, And the bowling wasn't bad, And they got the doctors out for seventy. When three of them rushed shrieking for a catch, Wacs very sad. But Joyce's brilliant catch made up for plenty! I hope we'll see some more Of these excellent diversions, For with practice they'll perfect the noble art. And despite my playful vers in I am casting no aspersions—We were none of us so brilliant at the start!

(St. Patrick's Day to you Saxons). Could you have this Notice put in the Personal Column of the "Bombutia Times"?

"It is proposed to hold a St. Patrick's Day Dinner at the Bombutia Club on March 17th. His Excellency the Governor (Follow T.C.D.) will preside. All other fellows from T.C.D. should apply to Captain Lew Costigan, A.D.C. Gov. House for tickets."

We must have some Irish whiskey. Could you write to the Excise Commissioner and ask him to lay in a small amount of Jameson for us—say 12 dozen?

Yours, LEW.



Members of the Sukkur W.V.S. (who also run a soldiers' canteen at Rohri Junction) at a Red Cross Work Party. Reading from L. to R. are:—(STANDING) Miss Merchant, Mrs. Hall, President of the W.V.S., and wife of Mr. E. H. Hall, I.C.S. Collector, Sukkur, on the verandah of whose bungalow this photograph was taken; Mrs. Judge, wife of Mr. D. Judge, late D.S.P., Sukkur, now in Karachi; Mrs. Hindenburg, wife of Mr. H. Hindenburg, Manager, Associated Cement Company, Rohri; Mrs. Crosbie, Convener of the Red Cross Work Party and wife of Mr. J. Crosbie, Mechanical Engineer for Sind, P.W.D., and Mrs. Thompson, Hon. Secretary, W.V.S. and wife of Mr. A. C. B. Thompson, Agent, Imperial Bank of India, Sukkur. (SEATING) Miss Norma Birkett, Mrs. Lewis, wife of Mr. F. Lewis, late Deputy Supt. of Police, Sukkur, now in Shikapur; Miss Sahibung, daughter of Mr. T. Sahibung Advani, Advocate; Mrs. Longman, wife of Mr. W. N. Longman, Supt., Jail, Sukkur; Mrs. Ashimwala, Mrs. Bam, wife of Mr. P. Bam, Chief Engineer, Associated Cement Co., Rohri and Mrs. Birkett, wife of Mr. R. Birkett, Sukkur. Members unable to be present include:—Mrs. Paymaster, wife of Mr. B. B. Paymaster, Sessions Judge; Mrs. Mulchand, Mrs. Sethna, Mrs. Kerr, Mrs. Pirzada, Mrs. Kaikabad, Mrs. Pinto, Miss Sorabji and Miss Bhawocha.



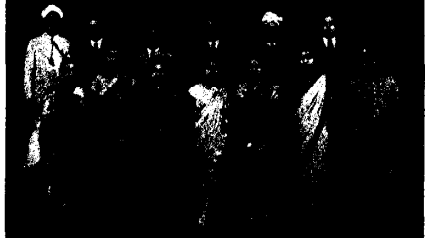
Mrs. Alex Burns-Lawson at the Bombay Races. She is just recovering from the hard week's work she did at the Red Cross Fete organised by Mrs. Talsarkhan and at which she successfully conducted "Ye Old Ship Inn."



The Children's Recreational Centre, Lahore, which is being run by the Punjab Children's Aid Society, and which is the hub of various activities of the children, was visited recently by Lady Glancy. Those in the group include:—Mrs. B. L. Ruffia Ram, Mrs. Puri, Mrs. Pandit, Mrs. Nasir, Lady Glancy, D. B. Raju Narendra Nath, Mrs. Barucha, Miss E. M. White, in charge of the Centre, and Mr. J. G. Bhandari.



The exhibition in the Victory Shop at Simla of Red Cross Hospital Stores and comforts and samples of Prisoners of War parcels during Red Cross Week was of interest. Practical demonstrations were also given. The sum raised in Simla during the Week amounts to over Rs. 18,000. The group in front of Victory Shop shows from L. to R.:—Mrs. Basworith, Mrs. Andrews, Nursing Officer; Mrs. Phipson, Mrs. Tennant, L. Dist. Supt.; Mrs. Mose, Nursing Sister and Mrs. Bapty.



Members of the Indian War Services Entertainment Committee, Vizagapatam, which is working for the amenities of the Indian troops and officers. The various activities of the Committee include taking the mobile canteen to the various units, arranging free cinema shows, entertaining the troops with music and magic, free tiffin coupons and selling various articles at the lowest cost price, visiting hospital and distributing sweets and so on to the T.O.N. patients. From L. to R. are:—(FRONT ROW) Mrs. Manekji, Miss Lazarus, Mrs. Iswariah, Mrs. P. N. Ramaswami (President), Mrs. P. S. Naidu, Dr. (Miss) Naidu, and Rao Sahib P. S. Naidu. (BACK ROW) Mr. M. Pattabhirama Reddi, Mr. S. J. Reddi, Mr. P. Markandeyulu, Dr. Iswariah, Mr. D. Sitararamamurti, Secretary, and Mr. M. Venkataraman.



Hamilton Studio

The women of Bombay are doing a very real job of war work in the St. John Ambulance Brigade Transport Unit. In this photograph are: FRONT ROW, L.—R.:—Cpl. Mrs. V. Pointon, Cpl. Miss A. D. Dubash, Cpl. Mrs. E. C. Rigby, Cpl. Mrs. P. Munday, Sgt. Miss P. Mistri, Sgt. Mrs. H. E. Cox, Supt. Mrs. L. W. Boulter, Commandant Mrs. S. E. C. White, Tpt. Officer Mrs. A. Kirkwood Brown, Tpt. Officer Mrs. H. F. Milne, Sgt. Mrs. L. L. Hansen, Sgt. Mrs. J. Stobhart, Sgt. Mrs. A. R. D. Wadia, Cpl. Mrs. W. R. Eldridge, Cpl. Mrs. B. H. Mayes; SECOND ROW, L.—R.:—Mrs. A. Rowland Jones, Mrs. J. Mally, Mrs. S. Kleinberg, Mrs. M. H. Mehta, Mrs. I. H. Chew, Mrs. T. Hinchcliffe, Mrs. C. E. Rudd, Mrs. B. Castinath, Mrs. T. J. Bhurda, Mrs. M. B. Parker, Mrs. E. G. Lobb, Mrs. L. M. Morrison, Mde. R. C. Van Damme, Mrs. G. A. Sheri, Miss B. Khambatta, Mrs. G. Wickersham; THIRD ROW, L.—R.:—Miss T. Lloyd, Mrs. S. N. Karani, Mrs. M. Lawson, Mrs. C. Hardecastle, Mrs. E. Wilkinson, Mrs. R. Sethna, Mrs. Lyulph Davis, Mrs. D. D. Billimoria, Mrs. A. K. Gohwalla, Miss R. Bunker, Mrs. M. P. Harvey, Mrs. G. C. K. Jolley, Miss P. Davar, Mrs. E. D. M. Abbott, Mrs. D. Faulds, Miss M. Geddis, Mrs. M. Mathalone, Mrs. A. Keir; BACK ROW, L.—R.:—Mrs. D. E. Turner, Mrs. A. H. Galloway, Mrs. J. Dorehly, Miss D. Goudrey, Miss P. Contractor, Mrs. R. Johannessen, Mrs. N. A. C. Wadia, Mrs. A. Smith, Mrs. V. Ovuda, Mrs. E. Wood, Mrs. H. F. Burdett, Mrs. P. Fielden, Mrs. P. J. Wormald, Mrs. V. F. Hawkins; ABSENT ON DUTY:—Tpt. Officers Mrs. W. E. Brown, and Mrs. L. S. Moolgavker, Drivers, Mrs. H. L. Davis, Mrs. M. N. Dalal, Mrs. G. W. Harrison, and Mrs. C. S. Pettit.



Lt.-General Finlay, N. W. Army, in happy mood at tea with Brigadier and Mrs. Stubbings, during the visit of H. E. the Commander-in-Chief to the K.G.R.I.M. School, Jhelum, to open the new house named after him, Auchinleck House.



Some of the officers of a Divisional Headquarters "somewhere in India." From L. to R. are:—Capt. Bakshi Singh, Major (the Rev.) W. Hall, Lt. W. H. Fairhurst, Major H. B. Grimley, M.B.E., and Capt. N. L. Macansey.



(L. to R.) Major Johnny Miller, Capt. Gee-Heaton and Lt. Phillipson, all of the R.I.A.S.C., face the sun with a smile, from a station "somewhere in India."



Officers of a Madras Regt. Battalion snapped during an off duty period. They are from L. to R.:—(IN FRONT) Lt. W. Walters, Capt. K. B. A. Easthope and Capt. M. M. Butcher. (IN THE REAR) Lt. J. A. C. Franklin and Capt. J. H. Williams.

Have You Read about:

"The Red Tape Worm"

On Page 95 of "The Onlooker" Book of Verse.

See Page 50 for full details.



A happy Sunday morning trio at the Jullundur Club, L. to R. are:—Capt. J. Hodgson, Miss J. Hinchcliffe, Q.A.I.M.N.S.R., and Capt. C. Bushby.



Capt. George Anderson, "Andy" to most of his friends, watches the game with great interest, while awaiting his turn to bat.



At an "At Home" given by Capt. A. A. Greenwood and Capt. Nawabzada S. Murtaza Ali Khan, As.D.C., to H.E. the Commander-in-Chief. From l. to r. are: Capt. J. B. Fortune, M.C., S.Ldr. F. T. Cox, Capt. G. H. U. Crinkshank, Capt. J. Schuller, Capt. A. A. Greenwood, Capt. Nawabzada S. Murtaza Ali Khan, Major P. D. Courts, S.Ldr. D. S. Wilson, Capt. the Earl of Easton, and Lt.-Col. W. R. P. Ridgway, T.D.



Officers of an Indian Air Force Squadron had a day off recently in Bhopal, where they enjoyed boating and swimming. Photograph shows from l. to r.—(STANDING) P/O Roy, P/O Barua, F/O Akhtar, S.Ldr. Prithvipal Singh, F/O Mehra, P/O David, P/O Panar, P/O Noronha, F/O Decca, F/O Bakshi, P/O Nurelahi, P/O Dreshmak, and F/O Sanyedran. (SITTING) F/O Bose, F/O Thapar, F/O Ashkar Khan, P/O Chawla and P/O Guha. The Indian Air Force celebrates the anniversary of its establishment in April.



With full Olympic rituals, H.E. the Commander-in-Chief declared open the Yadavendra Stadium at Patiala in the presence of a huge gathering, including Lady Auchinloch. Their Highnesses of Ranpur, Nabha and Jind, and high civil and military officers. In the picture H.E. the C-in-C., accompanied by H.H. the Maharajah of Patiala, is seen arriving at the Olympic Stadium.



The Supreme Commander, S.E.A.C., recently visited some Coastal Forces personnel. The officers seen here from l. to r. are: Commander Ashby, D.S.C., R.N.V.R., Capt. Bushbridge, O.B.E., D.S.C., R.N., Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten, Lt. Hamish Mackenzie, Burma R.N.V.R., Lt. Hoyer-Cook, R.I.N.V.R., and Lt. Franklin, R.I.N.R.



Col. Johnson Cole, Assistant Director of Recruiting, and Vice-Admiral Godfrey, F.O.C., R.I.N., photographed at the War Services Exhibition held recently in Patiala, in connection with the Olympic Games.



The Children's Meet outside the Kennels, Peshawar Vale Hunt

Why Not Keep A Hunting Diary?

By Georgina.

ON my ninth birthday, some time ago now, I'm afraid, I was presented with a book, which was to be my Hunting Diary. It was a stout, leather-covered, exercise book, and on the fly leaf the donor wrote my name, followed by these instructions: "First put the date, day of month and year—then what Hounds you were out with—where they met, where they found, where they ran, whether they killed—how long they ran—when and where they checked—what you rode—how you were carried—who was out and anything else of note."

For children this is an ideal and most acceptable gift, because looking back one can get a great deal of amusement out of reading one's amateurish efforts, but I don't think it matters when one starts. I used to write up my hunts most meticulously every evening on my return from hunting, and later I also added "Showings," Point-to-Points, and any other horse events in which I took part. Before me now I have a most interesting (if only to myself) record of all my hunts, shows and to on from my first day, aged nine up to the present time. Sometimes I admit it needed a little will power to get down to pen and paper, but it is worth it.

Photos Of My Horses

I pasted in photos of many of the ponies and, later, horses I rode hunting and showing, numerous paper cuttings of runs, Hunt Balls, show results together with Show Catalogues and photographs from illustrated papers of—perhaps, my judges, or fellow-competitors, if not of myself! I was also fairly apt with my pencil, as are many people who love riding and horses, and I illustrated fairly profusely when I was younger such events as when I once, at a tender age, on getting a prize at a local show, had a race round with the prize-winner in a most undignified manner twice round the ring (I couldn't stop!), and other amusing episodes.

I do feel unconsciously grateful to my grandfather, who gave it to me, because it is a continual source of amusement and interest, and it is fun to recall the runs one has perhaps forgotten, to see how one's writing changes from year to year, and also encourages the young entry to take note of what bounds are doing, so that at the end of a day they can write up a fair (or not entirely adequate) description. I have accounts of hunts with the Holderness, York and Albany, South Devon, Surrey and Burrow, Delhi, Rialpur and P.V.H., of shows all over India, and in many parts of England, of pageant, symphonies, Point-to-Points, and many illustrations, to mention the contents but briefly. So I suggest, if you are hard put to think of a suitable gift for a niece in England, or one of your

keen young offspring in India, you give her or him a Hunting Diary as it is obviously a gift which will be appreciated, or again if you have leisure hours to spare occasionally, and hope to get the odd day's Hunting and Showing now and again, begin one yourself.

Hunting At 9

Here, word for word, spelling included, is the account I wrote of my second day's hunting, aged nine, so therefore you must not expect too much.

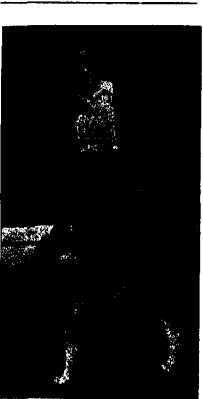
"December 31st 19—With the Holderness at Kildwick Ferry.

We were in time for the meet, I tried about on Sambo for quite a long time as I thought he would be fresh because he was very naughty yesterday. He behaved very well.

The Hounds drew a small cover in the Park and the fox ran out and we went after him, they did not kill it so then we went on to another place and found another fox after Hunting it for some time all came home.

I saw Jane and her two brothers, Grampsa rode the Snowden Horse, O'Malley the Goh, Mary rode Pumping. There were no trays and my Pony carried me very well.

Maybe that doesn't sound very exciting, but by the time I was thirteen I could write quite a good account in fair hunting language, so here's wishing you luck and believe me, you or your children will be in for an immense amount of enjoyment.



Mrs. C. D. Taylor, wife of Lt.-Col. C. D. Taylor, well known before the war among members of the Bombay Hunt and Bombay Light Horse, seen here with one of her lovely Alsatians. Mrs. Taylor, "Freda" to her friends, received a Kaiser-Hind medal in the New Year's Honours.

The Meerut Kadir, 1944

By Major G. P. Hall.

IT is difficult to describe the thrill of finding oneself back in the odd hunts after 13 months' absence. One's first thought is for one's horse; can the mare, which is all one has left, last out two days' hunting? One no longer has a car nor has anyone else so a bus has to be hired. "Hyle carts" cost double and beaters want more but it is all well worth it.

A woman is now running the test club. Old Hvy Hunters will probably turn in their gages, but without the assistance of Mrs. Jackson and many who have helped during the war years, the M.T.C. would no longer have continued. I am on 10 days' leave, but others are working and if they can snatch a day in the Kadir they have certainly not got the time to lay on the bundle.

We hope to leave at two o'clock in order to arrive in time for a few hours' bird shooting as there will be no time for that on the morrow. Perhaps the journey is best forgotten as only the dogs achieve a modicum of comfort. Suffice it to say that we arrive at last to be greeted by old Babu, the shikari and his camel, which looks more supercilious than ever. "Salaam Babu!"

"Salaam Babu!" How long will he must be over 70, and we tell him so which pleases him a lot.

"Are there any more?" A look of vast contempt spreads over his face. "Of course there are more; at least six." But that is all for tomorrow and we only have two hours in which to shoot something for the pot. A quick look at the horses and we are off. It is all Black Partridge, mostly in sugar cane and we are all out of practice. We shoot abominably but it is great to handle a gun again and get back to hot tea and whisky in front of a roaring camp fire.

A Chilly Start

A chilly start before dawn as we are hunting Bijoor Island, six miles away and the 'habbi' will have to swim the Ganges as the bridge of boats will not carry his weight. We are on the hunting ground at last but only three spears. John Glen, the policeman, who is an old hand and Chris Lewis, our Group Captain, itching to try his hand with a spear for the first time, and myself.

Cover is terribly thick and three hours beating the false alarm lowers everyone's spirits. It is always thick at this time of the year, a fact that one is apt to forget, but Babu is imperturbable and waits a half for lunch.

We start again in a better frame of mind and before we are 10 minutes on the line the 'flag wallah's' flag goes up. He is no fool so it must be ridable and we all dash forward but the bear has a long start and is lost. Nothing for us but to canter back and start the line again.

"Where did the brute go?" If only one knew!

My wife, who is with Babu on the camel, sees something in a bush. We

gather round, but the old man says it is only a hare. However, he condescends to put the camel into it.

"Woolf, woolf," a thundering big pig crashes out. Beaters scatter in every direction and we are after it. A fast pig for its size but we have a start this time. Oh, the thrill of galloping over the Kadir on a good horse! That was a nallah but the mare saw it first and we are over. A bit of thick stuff but we nurse him through it and are out in the open again. Pig getting tired and means business.

Anyone's pig but Chris is on him. No! He has turned and is coming to me. Blast! He has jinked and John has speared but he has broken a shaft. A good pig this and he is coming to me again. Oh, what joy! That was a good one and slowed him up but I must put in another quickly as the mare is tiring. Thick cover again and I overtake him. He turns like a flash and is into us. A bad spear that and the mare's heels go down. A sickening thud. He has got us! No, the mare has caught him a corks and he is down. Well done, Jill.

We all seem to be there at the end, girls and camel. Oh, for an keed truck! How long did it last? Perhaps only ten minutes but every second packed with thrills. The girls want to get home before dark as it is a three hour back and Chris must go with them.

Grass Eight Feet High

The mare is done and has to hunt the rest day but John can lend me another and Babu has a place we must try. Can there be a pig in such a small cover? There is, but he breaks on John's side. "Wuh jaa" and one is crashing through grass eight feet high. Into the open at last, but John has a 100 yards start. This is a child's play but the pig has a point and if he makes it he is safe.

A nasty-looking ditch ahead. Does the horse jump? He does, but it is not the sort of ditch one would have jumped and we are in it. Will he roll on my legs? He does, but the ground is soft here and I am up again. John appears a few minutes later in time to give the 'coup de grace.' Nice work John, another 11 yards and the pig would have made it.

It is nearly dark now and we must be eight miles from camp. A long back after a hard day but one has much to talk over and tomorrow we hunt again. Babu has a penicillin marked down and we may be able to sit up for that before we leave.

It is nearly dark now and we must be eight miles from camp. A long back after a hard day but one has much to talk over and tomorrow we hunt again. Babu has a penicillin marked down and we may be able to sit up for that before we leave.

LIFE IN INDIA

Huntin', Shootin' and Fishin',

Mirrored in Amusing Verse.

See Advertisement on page 50.



During the Jacobabad Horse Show week Mr. Roger Pearce, the Collector, and his wife, and Mr. Andrew Davies, D.S.P. (extreme left), had large house parties although, as hosts and hostess, they do not appear to have been unduly worried. In the centre is one of the most entertaining visitors, Major Denis Ahar, impersonating Mr. Middleton behind the holylocks in the Residency garden. On the right are a few of the members of the house parties. They are from L. to R.—Mrs. Dae. Mrs. (Bunt) Thompson, Mrs. Jane Holt, wife of Mr. E. H. Holt, Collector of Sukkur, Richard Holt, and Mr. Reginald Simpson, I.P.

Tiger Shooting In Indian Forests

By Major G. S. Puri

IN India, it is a wide and common belief that tigers are common in the protected forests and that a person keen on shooting has only to visit one of the forests and his interview with a tiger is a matter of course. The dreams of a young shikari in this direction, however, are quickly shattered after his first visit to the forest, where he may have spent a good deal of time and money trying to bag one of these, and the falsity of the above belief is quickly realised.

In forests which are easily accessible and are only a day or two's journey from large cities much slaughter has been done by so-called 'week-end' shikaris, who, by killing and wounding wild animals like deer on which the tiger preys, have destroyed the latter's natural food and have driven him to seek it much away from borders of civilisation where game may still be had for stalking.

In hill ranges and big forests a sportsman still sometimes sees the sight of big pigs made on soft ground but beyond this there is no further evidence of their existence as tigers are great travellers and each one wanders over a large area stalking game which he loves, and sometimes killing cattle, not confined to one village but one here and one there, in places long distances apart. Therefore, these days a shikari's hope must be supported by 'luck' if he is to bag one.



This photograph was taken a few hours after the shoot and shows the author, Major G. S. Puri, seated on the tiger's stiffened body.

Man-eating tigers are extremely rare but they still inspire terror in the hearts of villagers living near jungles as no villager can feel safe over the area ranged by such a beast. I had the good fortune to shoot one a few years ago which had killed few unfortunate innocents. The chief victims were wood-cutters or young boys looking after cattle. There is generally no escape for such, as a man-eater crawls to within a few yards unnoticed, one rush, a spring, a sharp cry of pain and terror from the unfortunate, perhaps, whilst the murderer makes for some thick hide with his prey to make his meal. I have no desire to tell that story here in detail as it has already been told elsewhere.

Shooting From Elephants

Much has been said about various methods employed in shooting tigers as this form of sport cannot be compared to shooting or stalking other game. Some prefer howdah shooting from elephants, where high grass prevents a sportsman getting a clear view of the game even at a distance of few yards apart. More experienced prefer to stalk, some arrange large organised beats and others sit over kills. I have personally never experienced shooting a tiger with the help of elephants, though I believe this form of sport must be very interesting and exciting. It is mainly confined to those with large pockets who can afford considerable expense.

I have had occasions when I could have arranged to hire one or two elephants in the jungle but I have always avoided them for reasons of my own, chief of which was the risk involved in using an untrained animal which will not face a tiger. I have frequently organised beats but except in two cases, these have almost always resulted in the tiger escaping through the ring. On one of these beats I had arranged to beat a particular plantation for sambhur and deer or anything else that might turn up. The beat began and after a short time I

caught a glimpse of a few sambhur running down the *mulah* to my right about 200 yards away. Selecting a good head, I fired my rifle at the running sambhur, and it fell.

The beat was soon over as the men no sooner heard a shot fired than they left off in a hurry to see what had been killed in spite of my protests, and contrary to all instructions given.

I pointed out to beaters the direction which the other sambhur had taken and told them to go around that hill and start beat from behind working it down the *mulah* where I would take up a position. This done, the men went on to the next beat and I selected a suitable place and waited. After some time I heard the shouts of beaters afar off, but their progress was slow. No sambhur appeared and I got a bit tired and drowsy

(Continued on page 44)

My Shooting Autobiography 8. First Days in Persia

By Major H. L. Herdon, M.B.E.

WE arrived in Persia in September, 1918, to join the Bushire Field Force. Landing at Bushire last one evening we marched the few miles to Reshir where we joined the Base camp. I had taken out a gun with me, a splendid 12 bore D. B. hammerless which I had bought some time before from that genial personality the late Duke Young of the North Western Railway, and I was soon seeking out what game there was in the vicinity during my leisure hours. Actually there was very little; a few doves is all I can remember shooting!

However, I had some interesting ramblings round the various Cantalates, all but the British lying *forlorn* and deserted. I remember walking with considerable curiosity round the big empty rooms of the German Consulate, picturing to myself brilliant functions and gatherings—and all the endless intrigue—which those deserted chambers must have seen in the past.

The German Consul himself had escaped into the interior shortly after the outbreak of war and, being a resourceful and ingenious old gentleman, had raised quite considerable amount of trouble for us over a period of a good many years. Cut off from all his resources, he yet managed to raise a lot of money for his campaign in a number of ingenious ways.

Those were the early days of wireless and certainly there were few of the inhabitants of Persia who had any

(Continued on page 44)



Mrs. Shah Chiny, with the panther she shot in the Burda hills, while spending a short holiday in Kathiawar with Prince and Princess Fatehahil of Limbi.



Captain Roy Harris, recently in Ooty. Capt. Harris was stand-off half for Bath pre-war, and got a Trial for England.



Uberoi-Lamba

S. Kuldip Singh Uberoi, son of Major Tejagadh Uberoi, with his bride, Savita Lamba, daughter of Sardar Kuldip Singh Lamba, Honorary Magistrate and Provincial Darbari.



White-Birks

S/Ldr. L. B. White, and Miss Lucille Birks, who were recently married in Bombay. From L. to R. are:—S/Ldr. A. Thompson, bridegroom and bride, Capt. C. J. Harrison and in front Penelope Rhodes.

Hamilton Studios.



Wilkinson-Burns

Sub.-Lt. Alan Wilkinson, R.I.N.V.R., with his bride, Miss Ruth Ellen Burns at the reception held at Admiral's House, Bombay, after their wedding at St. Thomas' Cathedral.



The engagement is announced between Lt. Colin Cameron Webb of Lahore and Miss Pamela Audrey Tutt of Simla.



Grant-Ward

After the wedding recently at Bangalore of Capt. Christopher Grant, youngest son of the late Admiral Sir Heathcoat Salisbury Grant, K.C.M.G., K.C.B., and Lady Grant, of Booth House, Nairn, Scotland, and Ella Margery Jackson, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ward, The Cottage, Felmersham, Bedfordshire, England.



Hooper-Sell

Mr. Leslie E. Hooper, elder son of the late Mr. F. E. Hooper and Mrs. Hooper of Madras was married recently at George's Cathedral, Madras, to Hazel Sell, twin daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Sell of Madras.



The engagement is announced between Major T. H. Hopkins, A.I.R.O., attached R.I.A.S.C., only son of Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Hopkins of Chewton Keynham, Somerset, and Audrey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Lewis of Knowle, Bristol.



The engagement has been announced between Major John Richard Meredith, Indian Engineers, and Amoorlee Tea Estates, Assam, only son of Dr. and Mrs. R. W. H. Meredith, Bournemouth, and Daphne Barbara, eldest daughter of Mr. S. T. H. Munsey, I.S.E., United Provinces, and Mrs. Munsey.

"Onlookers" For Abroad

We are glad to be able to inform readers that single copies of periodicals such as The Onlooker may be freely sent abroad without export licence.



Khatun-Singhania

Shrimati Mangla Gauri, the eldest daughter of Lala Kallashputi Singhania, the Director of J. K. Industries, President of Rotary Club of Cawnpore, and brother of Sir Padampati Singhania, Kt., M.L.A., married Sri Tej Narain Khatun, son of Sri Debi Prasad Khatun, M.L.A., of Calcutta. Mr. Debi Prasad Khatun is Director of several prominent Birla concerns and is an eminent politician of Bengal. Important people from all over the country joined the ceremony and many valuable presents were received by the bride from her parents and their friends.



Wade-Gilchrist

S/Ldr. R. A. Wade, R.A.F.V.R., of Barnsley, Yorkshire, and Margaret Gibson Gilchrist, Q.A.I.M.N.S. (R), of Edinburgh, who were recently married at Secunderabad, Deccan.



Jenkins-Sharpe

Capt. John Peter ("Junior") Jenkins and his bride Miss Yolande Sharpe, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. R. A. Sharpe of Hubli and Madras. The wedding took place recently at St. Andrew's Church, Hubli. There was a large attendance at the reception given by the bride's parents at their residence at Hubli and also at a cocktail party given in Belgaum in the evening at the house of Major and Mrs. Coad for those who could not, on account of petrol restrictions, attend the wedding. The young couple, who are well known and much liked in Belgaum, have settled down to work again.



Bingley-Chandraprabha Bai

Capt. B. R. Bingley, Director of Agriculture, Indore, and Honorary A.D.C. to His Highness the Maharaja Holkar, was married at Indore to Miss Chandraprabha Bai, daughter of Sardar R. K. Zanane.



Gore-Webb

The wedding took place recently at St. Joseph's Church, Rawalpindi, of Lt. Cuthbert Gore, F.E., son of Mr. and Mrs. R. Gore of Preston, Lancashire, and Dorothy Rose Webb, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Webb of Lahore and Lewton Abbott, Devon, and Mrs. Webb.



Joyne-Garnett

The wedding was celebrated recently in Palestine of Major C. P. A. Joyne, only son of Col. and Mrs. A. Joyne of New Delhi and Eristonson-Sea, and Pamela Garnett, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. N. Ingham of Exmouth, Devon.



Powell-Wilkinson

The marriage took place at Christ Church, Cawnpore, of Ronald Lloyd Powell and Zoe Mary Wilkinson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Wilkinson. The group photograph taken during the reception at White House, the home of the bride's parents, shows from L. to R. (BACK ROW)—Miss Joan Gordon, the Rev. the Bishop of Rangoon, the bridegroom and the bride, Mr. I. J. MacMaster, bestman, Miss Annie West, and the Rev. D. J. Bower. (FRONT ROW)—Mr. Wilkinson, Morag Bonnerman, Roy Hamilton, Jean Mears and Mrs. Wilkinson.



Youngson-Liddell

Lieut. W. A. H. Youngson of the Gordon Highlanders att'd. R.I.A.S.C. and Miss Winona Ann Liddell were recently married at Lucknow. The bride, who is the younger daughter of Major and Mrs. C. O. Liddell of Lucknow, wore a beautiful gown of chiffon lace. In attendance were Ilika Liddell, bridesmaid; Jennifer Twiss, flower girl; and Lieut. S. Harbisher, bestman.



F/O Harichand Dewan from Lahore (RIGHT) granted commission in the I.A.F. in 1940, he completed his training in England and was attached to a Bomber Squadron operating over enemy occupied Europe. To the LEFT is F/O Sandhu of Amritsar, Navigator.



F/O Jagjit Singh of Amritsar (LEFT) and F/O Varma of Karachi, Jagjit, shot down while on operations, struggled back 70 miles on foot, by ferry and truck to his base. After a 36 hour sleep he was in the air again.



Indian A 11 Y



S/Ldr. Mohar Singh, Commandant giving a brief account of his experiences.



S/Ldr. Mohar Singh, Commandant giving a brief account of his experiences. Baldwin, F/O



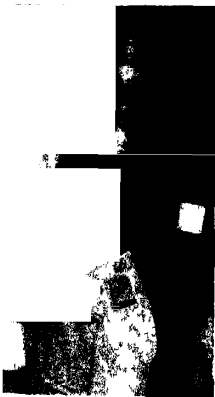
A cheerful evening in the mess.

LEFT: A few of the pilots and air gunners. I.A.F. squadron pilots (sitting on wing from left to right): F/O Nerurkar of Nagpur, F/O Aligarh, F/O Jaspal, F/O Aziz of Lahore, F/O Doria of Kanpur, F/O Chak F/O Dorabji of Madras and F/O S/Ldr. Lucknow. Air-Gunners (below from left to right): F/O Andrews of Yorkshire, F/O Coe Lancashire, F/O Sadiq of Kohat, Sgt. Hyderabad, F/O Dattar of Bombay and F/O of Calcutta.

Force Now s Old



I A F Hurricane Squadron
travels to Air Marshal Sir John
hi (facing camera)



air crews after the day's work



F/O Baldev Singh Dogra the only Rajput from Kangra in the I A F (center) with
his pet monkey Vengee the only lady with the squadron a present from an
American pilot Vengee has taken part in many raids over Germany and Italy
To the right: F/O Surjit Singh Jaspal the only pilot from Kanurthala and F/O Phillip
Joseph Chandran (left) of Bangalore who has been an instructor for some years
Many of his pupils are now flying in operations with him



F/Lt Pajji Amrita
powers to face the
camera before leaving
on a sortie over
enemy-occupied Burma



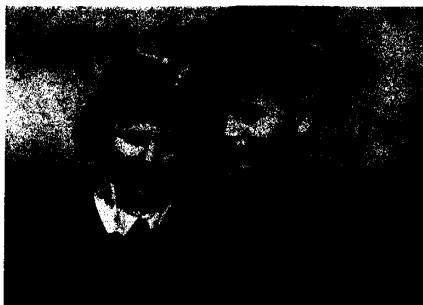
After being briefed this Vulture Vengeance crew hasten to their aircraft
F/O Sharma pilot of Lucknow and F/O Sadiq the rearunner from Kohat



RIGHT Air crews sunning themselves on the
Burma Front Group includes F/O
Basu of Calcutta F/O Trevor Andrews
of Yorkshire Sgt Pillai of Bombay
F/O Aziz of Lahore F/O Sadiq
of Kohat F/O Khan of Aligarh
F/O Nerurkar of Nagpur Sgt Khan
and F/O Marathe



This elegant young man is Prince Muzaffar Mohamud-khan, grandson of His Highness the Nawab Sahib Bahadur of Palanpur. Prince Mohamud-khan is about 4 years old and his "Bismillah" ceremony was celebrated recently.



Sandra and Rayfel are the children of Capt. Norman Roseman, R.A.O.C., now in India, and Mrs. Roseman, formerly of South Africa and now of London. Sandra was 3½ and Rayfel about a year older when the photograph was taken.



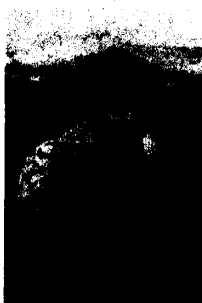
Mahboob and Fowfik Chiny, the two stalwart sons of Mr. and Mrs. Habib N. Chiny of Bombay.



Stuart, Hugh and Michael are the three fine sons of the Resident in Mysore, Col. Fraser, and Mrs. Fraser.



This attractive little fellow is Christopher Blenkinsop, son of Captain and Mrs. N. Blenkinsop of Mhow.



Carolyn Hester (generally known as "The Squak"), enjoying a holiday at Madhopur. She is the little daughter of Mr. A. M. R. Montagu, Chief Engineer and Secretary to Government, Panjab, P.W.D., I.B., and Mrs. Montagu.



These three jolly youngsters, Michael, Gillian and Douglas, are the children of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. de Willon. They live in Dehra Dun.



Joan and Diana are the daughters of Capt. and Mrs. R. B. Adams, formerly of Rangoon, Burma. Mrs. Adams and the little girls are now residing in Darjeeling, N. India.



Michael John, the one-year-old son of Capt. Arthur J. Pereira, Indian Engineers, and Mrs. Pereira.



Shahjahan and his big brother, Ranjit, the sons of Mr. Lall, I.P., Supt. of Police, Jullunder, and Mrs. Lall. Shahjahan helped to collect a large sum of money during the Red Cross week in Jullunder.



Christopher and Patrick, aged five years and one year, are the children of Lt.-Col. F. J. F. Whittington, Panjab Regiment, and Mrs. Whittington.

Choosing A Present For The New Baby

By V.E.D.

THERE always seem to be more babies born in the Spring than at any other time of the year, and the question of the moment, now that Spring is here, is WHAT TO GIVE THEM!

Something that is really useful is the obvious answer, and not, as so many girls used to be before the war, something absolutely useless. On one occasion an extremely unsuitable gift was passed on from one acquaintance to another until it completed its full cycle, and it eventually came back to the starting place; unbelievable, but true! So let us think out something both useful and attractive and not run the risk of launching a boomerang.

Before the war it was so easy to get things from England and now that is so difficult, but in a way, makes it easier to choose a present: one doesn't have the feeling that the mother has already got everything she can possibly need. Ask her what she is finding it difficult to get, and either make it or get it for her, if you can. If you cannot do this, then perhaps you may find some of these suggestions helpful. The giving of that almost universal and fairly useful present, the Bib, can be overdone, because one gets so many and they are not always necessary; but if you definitely wish to give some, then do see that there are ribbons at the back, instead of the tiny and infuriating 'button and loop' they put on them; one of the main things about babies' clothes is that they should be easy and quick to manipulate, and yet we have to struggle with minute buttons at the back of the neck, which with some of the more fortunate babies who have hair, get caught up with it to the intense annoyance of the baby and the added fumbling of Mamma!

Money as a present is increasingly popular; a Savings Certificate is the direct one doesn't want a hat very often these days, but there is always the odd occasion when one is absolutely necessary.

I was at my friend Judy's bungalow when she received an invitation to the Jacobabad Horse Show—lucky creature! Not having been home for over five years it was with a very dependent air that she looked over all her hats. In any case, being mostly of either straw or linen they were totally unsuitable for the climate of Jacobabad in February when furs and tweeds are so essential, and she had nothing at all that would go with her new Persian Lamb coat.

After searching through several boxes, we came across a black crochet handbag—just a strip of double crochet that had been stitched up at each end, lined, and with a zip fastener at the top made into a handbag. Actually the zip had been removed long ago and used for something else. Suddenly Judy sprang up, and with the bag perched jauntily on her head, leaped over to a mirror. Pulled well down on to the right side of her forehead with the front peak denting in and a couple of black quills at one side, this erstwhile handbag turned into the most fascinating little hat.

We all continued our rummaging and presently discovered some odd pieces of chiffon velvet, the remains of an old evening coat. These, after a little planning, we transformed into another hat. A fairly wide double strip of velvet was used to go round the head and this was finished off with a large butterfly bow in front. Narrow pieces twisted and interlaced about an inch apart made an airy but very attractive crown. When completed we found it could be worn equally effectively either at the back of the head, halo fashion, or low on the forehead and well to one side.

When Judy returned from her round of gaities she told me that quite one of the smartest hats to be seen there was a black felt which, resembling a bank of mustard-coloured wool round its shallow crown with two cunning twists in front, one a little higher than the other.



Anthony Richard Lester, the 74-month-old son of Major and Mrs. "Gee" Dutton, taken in Rawalpindi recently.

most acceptable. But DO NOT give babies those horrible celluloid toys, dolls in particular, which break; they are usually very ugly and are dangerous. Not only are they dangerous, but they are particularly unsuitable for a small baby and cannot be kept as they crack so easily.

The attractive book in which all details about baby are kept, is nice to receive, and they are still obtainable. But it is wise to see that the inside is as useful as the cover is attractive; sometimes they are not.

(Conclusion next month.)

What's In A Name?

By "Mary Russell."

MOST people agree that no boy should have a queer or romantic name—John, David or Michael is still good enough, with father's name for second place. Just be careful that his initials do not spell some silly word, and the trick is done.

But for girls the choice is so large that selection is difficult. Some people are lucky to have 'family' names that choose themselves, but many a charming name is ruled out by the picture of the poisonous Rosemary or Monica whose desk adjoined one's own. The custom of calling children 'after' relatives is dying out; who wants to be reminded of Cousin Vera or Aunt Maud? And what is the use, in these inopportune days?

Nothing fixes a girl's age more than a 'fashionable' name, so Susan, Anne and Jane do reflect! You now vie with your contemporaries in fantastic choice, but will Vivienne, Desirée, Avril and Unika thank you for labelling them so clearly 1940-44?

What then? Flower names have lost their appeal. Lily, Violet, Iris and Daisy, bloom no more, nor Primrose, Hyacinth, Jasmine and Marigold might well be picked again; curiously enough, shrubs are popular, and Myrtle, Heather, Verbena or Lavender come to many a birthday party today.

Qualities are dangerous. Patience, Prudence and Joy are excellent attributes, but the girl at 18 will probably look the first two and overdo the last. Descriptive names become tragically funny when Grace grows up a chubby gnomish blonde crimson-checked and Ruby pallid while Amanda gets her to a nunnery.

Will there be a classical revival? Phoebe, Calliope, Cassandra or Hermione? Perhaps there are too ponderous for modern taste, suggesting statuesque women, or battleships.

Or back to Georgian style? Caroline, Charlotte, Arabella or Lydia must surely have admirers, and while Victorian names conjure up great-aunts immediately, there is a delicate charm about Emily, Agnes and Lucy that suggests lavender-water and mauve ribbons.

Apart from Elizabeth, Mary and Margaret, which are eternal, there are many evergreen names that do not 'date'. Who would place Clare Helen as a great-grandmother? Although the discerning might put Phyllis, Dorothy and Hester down as 1900- or thereabouts, Catherine Hope, Jean Priscilla and Barbara Joyce are hard to place exactly.

But take courage! When the weighty problem of a name 'That we both like' has been settled, when it has been formally bestowed by the proxy-godmother, it will not be long. Long before the child can walk she will be re-christened, and by the time she answers a name at all, it will be to Bunty, Billy, Podge or Jay, which is the one that will stick.



Mrs. W. W. Tregear, wife of Major W. Tregear, the Frontier Force Regiment, with her two little daughters, Sara Mary and Belinda. Mrs. Tregear is at present living in Karachi.



Mrs. John Soyle seems pleased with the novel method employed by her husband, Capt. Soyle, Staff Captain, Canteen, to take young Jeremy Soyle on a fishing expedition. Lt. Frank Bennett lends a cheerful hand at the rear.



Miss Margaret Elizabeth (Peggy) Waite, W.R.N.S., daughter of the late Major J. Johnstone Waite, 9th Jut Regt., and Mrs. Waite, "Rhondalla," Sunningdale Park, Belfast, N. Ireland, whose engagement has been announced to Lt. Francis Harms Cummings, U.S. Army Air Corps. He is from Texas.

Kitchen Keeness

By Margery Brand

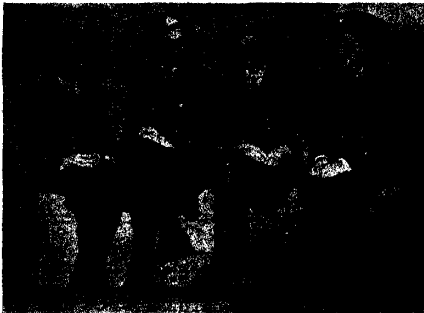
SOME time ago salad dressings were given under this heading and now a few good salads. Please adhere to details to get good results.

A lettuce salad. The leaves should always be cleaned in ice cold water and shaken in a wire basket to thoroughly dry without damaging the leaves. On no account use a knife, but break with the fingers if the leaves are too large. Serve in a cold glass dish and add the dressing at the last minute, using oil and vinegar. I suggest you mix half a spoonful of salt, freshly ground pepper from a pepper mill, a pinch of sugar, and a tablespoonful of good vinegar. First mix a despoisonful of oil (the best kind is bought at the chemist's!) with your lettuce, then add this vinegar mixture, toss all together very lightly. All should be icy cold. An unusual flavour is given to an ordinary lettuce salad by sprinkling the leaves with well minced fresh mint and parsley, also very little finely chopped spring onion.

Apple and Celery Salad. Chop finely some sour apples also some celery. Mix together and quickly cover with a cream dressing before the apple blackens. For the dressing you just mix together some cream, lemon juice, coarse pepper and half a teaspoonful of made mustard. Serve very cold.

Potato Salad of distinction. Boil some potatoes, and cut into slices while hot. Cover with oil and vinegar, put into the refrigerator until very cold, just before serving add some hot pieces of crisp bacon, well sprinkled all over the potatoes and pepper and salt.

A good Tomato Salad. This, strangely enough, needs careful handling. Remove skins by pouring boiling water over them. Then cut in thick slices, cover with chopped parsley and chopped onion and just before serving sprinkle some oil and vinegar, salt and pepper; a garnish of bunches of watercress add to its appearance and taste.



Latest addition to women's war services in India is the Naval Wing of the W.A.C. (I). Formed to recruit women, both Indian and British, for duties for the Royal Indian Navy. Its members wear a smart naval uniform, resembling that worn by the W.R.N.S., and perform secretarial and cypher duties at Royal Headquarters and at Indian ports. Enjoying a short spell of rest from their work at Naval Headquarters are Chief P. to a. - Chief Petty Officer Moira Imam, Third Officer Daphne Jones, Chief Petty Officer Joan Campbell, and Chief Petty Officer Betty Khan, all of the W.A.C. (I) R.I.N. Wing.

The Art of Wearing Jewellery

By "Zita"

THE Parisienne wears her jewels with an intangible chic, the peccoss wears hers with perfect poise; the royalty displays crown jewels with regal dignity, while the Indian princess wears her costly gems as if they were her heritage.

But what about the rest of us? How many women realise that there is an art in wearing jewellery? Wearing jewels successfully, is, if anything, more difficult than wearing one's clothes with chic. For one thing, clothes are so easy to buy, and if you find they don't suit you, you can give them away. But you can't buy a diamond necklace one day, and discard it the next. No, not even if you are a millionaire's wife or a Woodworth heiress.

So many women take their jewels as a matter of course. It is taken for granted that the best diamonds must shine at the biggest parties, and there the matter ends; whether these diamonds will enhance or detract from the outfit to be worn, is often not considered at all.

Fashions in jewellery keep changing—though, fortunately for us, not with the same frequency as fashions in dress for not many of us would be able to visit the jewellers as often as we set out to buy ourselves new saris, borders and shoes. Many women don't seem to realise, however, that fashions in wearing jewellery also keep changing. Today no really chic woman will wear a whole set of jewels, however modern and attractive each piece may be in itself.

Jewels, more than anything else, need background to show them up, and if you want to wear them with distinction, pick out one outstanding ornament as a motif, and then build around it. Plan your ensemble to go with it. One, or two really magnificent ornaments will make a woman look as expensive as she could wish, while—perverse though it may sound—the many glittering jewels will only make her look cheap. Avoid that "just-see-how-many-jewels-I-possess" look. Jewels need, not only background but breeding behind them.

Now, don't go to the other extreme, and avoid jewellery altogether. A woman has to be particularly lovely, or particularly chic, to do without jewels for evening wear. She must make quite sure first, that her appearance is so sparkling



Sari of pale golden gauze over a slip of gold lamé, and a slim-fitting gold lamé bodice, form a perfect background for this unique Indian necklace of uncut emeralds and rubies set in gold.

that it cannot be improved upon by the sparkle of gems, for, as a rule, jewels lend glitter to dull women, and greater brilliance to the bright.

Below I give a few gems of advice on how to wear gems.

If you are wearing an exquisite sari of red and silver gauze, with silver choli and sandals, don't proceed to don mechanically all the diamond and ruby jewels you possess; instead choose one outstanding piece from among them, or better still, a couple of striking emerald ornaments; this will provide a colour contrast, and suggest individuality.

If you are wearing a sari of delicate green and silver Jari with bodice to match, don't take it for granted that all your emeralds must go with it; why not pick on some unusual ornament of amethysts or rubies? Here again you will bring in another touch of colour, plus a new note of interest.

If you are wearing airy fly-away Howard chiton or georgette, avoid jewellery as much as possible. Does a jeweller ever display his gleaming pearls or his glittering diamonds in a case lined with flowered taffeta? No! Though lovely in themselves, flowers and gems just don't go together.

The glint of diamonds lends glamour to black and silver, and the sheen of pearls combined with white and silver, breathes romance.

Long, fanciful earrings and longish necklaces give a suggestion of length to wide faces and short necks, while ear clips and studs, and short modern necklaces give an illusion of width to thin faces. They are also becoming to girls with small faces and long necks. In all such matters, however, let your mirror be your final judge.

Today there is a taste for antique Indian jewellery, and quaint, unusual ornaments copied from Ajanta frescoes and old Mogul paintings. These lovely jewels go beautifully with the sari, and suit the Oriental type to perfection, so take advantage of the vogue while it lasts, and see that you make it last as long as you can.

Sira Says

You CAN Be Young Twice!

D'you feel, in this fifth year of war, that Youth Has Had Its Fling? Well, who cares if it has? Don't rusticate! Take a deep breath and take on with it a new personality; not so *june fille* as you were before, but with a chic, a Vogue-like poise, surpassing that of anyone you know. So

Go To It

Practise optical illusion. Conceal inches of width by vertical stripes, well-fitting foundations, and by having your new clothes made to measure, instead of flinging last year's model at the *derri* and trying to cram yourself into the result.

Cast off that Veronica Lake ingenu hair-do, and have a consultation with your hair-dresser. Sweep your rippling waves up if they cascaded before, uncover that high intellectual brow, or give yourself a chic little neck bun if there is more than one chin to balance.

Don't shop in a hurry. Postpone it until you have a whole free morning.

Give yourself time to take a little extra care in making up your face. And can't you alter your dressing-table so that the best light falls on your face from a different angle?

Go through your wardrobe with a layer of comb. Pretend that the clothes belong to somebody you don't know, and deduce from them what sort of woman she is.

Go out and buy the latest novel.

Have a manicure, a facial, a pedicure or any other available beautician that isn't habitual. Give it to yourself if no-one else will.

Even plucking your eye-brows make a difference.

And, most important of all, resolve never *never* NEVER again to slop around looking like an unmade bed.

Making The Most Of Our Rations

By "Martha."

RATIONS! An undiluted blessing to the Army wife, and a red-rag to her civilian sister!

In this series of recipes for making the most of pre-war footstuffs at pre-war prices are dishes for breakfast, luncheon, and dinner, and every one of them guaranteed to make the untrained even greener with envy than before!

1) SALMON AND BACON PIE

Flake a tin of salmon, and mix it with a rich white sauce made from margarine, flour and milk. Place in a greased pie-dish and cover with rashers

of bacon. Bake in a moderate oven until the bacon is crisp and the pie heated through.

2) HERRING PIE

Drain the contents of a tin of fresh herrings (NOT the kind in tomato sauce) and place in a greased pie-dish with alternate layers of cooked potatoes cut in rings. Finish with a layer of potatoes, sprinkle with breadcrumbs and dab with margarine. Bake until a golden brown. Serve with mustard sauce, which is made on the same principle as white sauce, but substitute the liquor from the herrings (or water) for half the milk. Allow a teaspoon of dry mustard to every pint of liquid, adding at the same time as the flour. A green salad is good with this dish.

3) SALMON TARTLETS.

A useful way of using up remains of salmon pie or mould.

Fill cases of hot short pastry with flaked salmon mixed with white sauce, flavoured with a few drops of lemon juice or anchovy essence. Cover with a thin layer of mashed potatoes, brush with melted margarine, and brown.

Mutton Dressed As Lamb!

By "Housewife."

OR, new ways of dressing up old things! These recipes should give a fillip to the most jaded appetites!

Chilli Con Carne

Required: 1½ lb. beefsteak; 6 large ripe tomatoes; 3 large chopped onions; (some people also like a bit of garlic); 1 dessertspoon salt; 1 teaspoon powdered chili; 3 cups boiled white bean; a table-spoon butter.

Method: stew the beef gently with the tomatoes, seasoning and two of the onions (the beef should be cut into pieces about an inch square before cooking, and

(Continued on page 48)



Purel Freeman.

Mrs. Lall, who is considered to be one of the most beautiful Indian ladies in London, is the wife of Mr. Shamaladare Lall, Deputy High Commissioner for India. Mrs. Lall has occupied the same post in London for five years and right through the war under three High Commissioners. He has officiated twice as High Commissioner, Mr. and Mrs. Lall, with their two sons, who were born in England, have now returned to India.

The Beauty Of Indian Fabrics

By Hilla C. Vakeel.

I WAS at a party lately where the guest of honour was a well-known English novelist then visiting in Bombay. The conversation turned on Indian arts and crafts, the splendour that was India a few hundred years ago and the artistry of her people. The hostess, who is the lucky possessor of some beautiful specimens, brought them out, and it was delightful to watch the reverent adoration with which the guest of the evening handled each specimen in all its loveliness of colour and line and form. The collection included some beautiful lengths of old Indian silks, *tachous*, *kinkhab*, *pardas*, *carth* and *Kashmiri* embroideries, heavy *gharis* from Thana and Surat, *gossamer* Benares tissue, *jari* embroideries from the old capital of this province, *aplique* work from Pashawar, and a length of the world-famed muslin of Dacca. Each of these was generations old, smelt of age and old camphor chests and brought to life a civilisation which has faded the world with beauty for thousands of years.

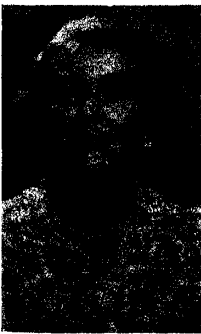
With one or two exceptions, most of the women at the party were dressed in modern fabrics—*nitons* and French prints and georgettes and our clothes seemed suddenly to look cheap and ugly and undistinguished by comparison.

It is difficult to understand why we who are heirs to all this beauty do not appreciate it and deliberately fling away our heritage in exchange for something less beautiful, just because it happens to be modern or European or worn by everybody else. By doing so we are not only interfering with the development of our own industries but helping to decrease the sum total of beauty in the world, beauty which is, after all, the heritage of all mankind whether it comes from the East or the West. The result of this indifference, of the total lack of individual responsibility has been the deterioration of most of our arts and crafts of which this country (by reason of the large number of races and cultures that it holds) has had probably a larger variety than any other country in the world.

Kinkhab Borders

Kinkhab, to take only one example, which still constitutes an important handloom industry in Surat, Benares and Hyderabad, are not half as beautiful as those made about a century ago the reason, among others, being that the demand has lessened and interest in its survival does not exist to any appreciable extent. Princess Nislofer, the younger of the two charming and beautiful Princesses of Hyderabad, has given the right lead in this direction and is invariably seen wearing wide and beautiful *kinkhab* borders on her saris. This material is eminently suitable for borders, for *pardas* on borderless saris, for cholis, shawls and evening gowns and it is a pity it is not more generally used.

(Continued on page 48)



This charming picture is of Mrs. Beckett, wife of the Hon'ble Mr. Justice R. B. Beckett, High Court Judge, Lahore. Mrs. Beckett, who was running the W.A.A.F. Comfort Fund (India) and was an Honorary life member of the "Certi" Club at Lahore, is on her way to England.



After the christening, at Holy Trinity Church, of James Havilland, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. A. P. LeMesurier. From l. to r. are:—(FRONT ROW) Commander Howard Smith, U. S. Navy, proxy godfather, the Hon. Mrs. C. B. Birdwood, Miss Winifred Milner, godmother, Mrs. LeMesurier with James, Mrs. Wilson, and Mr. A. P. LeMesurier. The children are Sonia and Mark Birdwood. (BACK ROW) Mr. D. N. O'Sullivan, proxy godfather, Mr. Bushby, Miss Beryl Bushby, Sardar Bahadur H. S. Kahai, Miss Susan Bushby, Canon L. Manifold Gorrie and Mr. James Wilson.



Here is Jocelyn Seweryn de Warrene, son of Capt. and Mrs. H. J. de W. Waller, photographed after his christening. In the group are:—Mrs. Banasinska, grandmother, Mrs. Seddon, Dr. Banasinski, grandfather, Father Heras, Mrs. Goozee, wife of the Consul-General for Belgium, proxy godmother, Capt. Waller, Mrs. Waller with Jocelyn, Mr. Seddon, Mrs. Godoycka-Cwikla, great-grandmother, His Grace the Archbishop of Bombay, Mr. Kittay, proxy godfather, Madame Alsac and Monstieur Alsac.



Bourne & Shepherd

The christening took place recently at St. Paul's Cathedral, Calcutta, of Veronica Anne, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Barry Page. Mr. Page is Managing Director of the National Insulated Cable Company and Associated Companies.



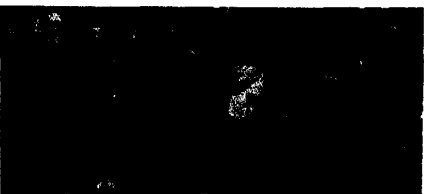
At St. Augustine Church, Kohat, after the christening of Judith Ann, daughter of Capt. A. C. R. Higgins, R.E. and Mrs. Higgins. From l. to r. are:—Capt. "Pop" Baldwin, proxy godfather, Capt. Heath, Capt. Gardner, Capt. (Miss) Saunders, Mrs. Baldwin, proxy godmother, Mrs. Higgins with Judy, Capt. Higgins, Mrs. Heath, Lt. Kyle, Mrs. Rowden and Major Williams.



Hamilton Station.

Prince Jyotendra Singh and Princess Prakash Kumari, the children of Yuvraj Sahab Vikramsingh of Gondal State, and the great grandchildren of H. H. the late Thakore Sahab of Gondal (Kathiawar), who celebrated the 75th year of his rule only last month.

RIGHT:—After the christening at St. Joseph's Church, Rawalpindi, of Penelope Ann, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. DuCasse. From l. to r. are:—Capt. J. Reid, Mr. H. O. Hay, Sister Jennings, Major Barnett, R.A.M.C., Sister West, Mrs. Whirick, Mrs. Mortimer, Rev. Fr. Mayer, Mr. J. Heywood, Mrs. Pinfold, Mrs. DuCasse with Penelope Ann, Mrs. Wallace, Mrs. Morley, Mrs. Hay, Mrs. Drake, Mr. DuCasse, Mrs. Fortescue, Lt. Fortescue and Col. Bradley.



FUGITIVE BABIES

Have you read that delightful poem by Hawthorne Campbell on page 139 of "The Onlooker" Book of Verse.

For full details see Page 50.



After her christening at Lucknow, Margaret Isabel Havelock Vanreenen is here seen with her parents, Major and Mrs. R. M. Vanreenen, and grandparents, Brigadier and Mrs. T. W. Vanreenen.



Valere Patricia, with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Yoderhill of Madras. Valere was christened at the Fort Church recently, Mrs. Robinson, the baby's grandmother and Mr. H. H. Howard standing proxy for the godparents who are all in Australia.



General Sir Oliver Leese, Bart., K.C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., the new Army Commander of the 8th Army, who succeeds General Montgomery, photographed at Mission Blanche Aerodrome, Algiers, on his way to take over his new command.

The Voice of Delhi

By "Mrs. Haukabee."

MARCH has ever been a gay month, the month of months for entertainments in Delhi, and this year has been no exception, but the gaieties have taken the form of dances and concerts for the forces, for various junketings for the Delhi Red Cross Week. Missions, too, have made fleeting visits and seem surprised at the weather, for March has been both lion and lamb, the queerest gradations of temperature, as capricious as an English spring, but, on the whole, delicious.

There have been many pleasant functions, among them that of the opening of the new office of the H.Q. of the Women's Voluntary Service for India. It is a quaint little stronghold (a former A.P. station, now happily not wanted for that purpose) in Connaught Circus. Here



Amongst recent arrivals in this country is Miss Pearl Aschman, the well-known South African journalist, author, and broadcaster of Cape Town. Miss Aschman is already known to India by reason of her lightning visit by air from the Middle East last summer and her impressions of her journey have been the subject of numerous broadcasts from South African studios. Miss Aschman has made a good contribution to the war effort already in Calcutta and the Middle East in providing entertainment in the desert for Allied troops.



Lady Auchinleck, accompanied by Col. Johnson Cole, emerges from the water after an amphibian jeep ride, arranged by the War Services Exhibition at Patiala. Also in the jeep is Nawabzada of Rampur, H.E.'s A.D.C.

many women workers were gathered together to hear Her Excellency, Viscountess Wavell, praise the work of the W.V.S. and to listen to inspiring words from the Begum Shah Nawaz whose gentle ways and womanly charm enhance her splendid capabilities. She referred to the fine work that she had seen done in England, Canada and the United States by women, and expressed pleasure that the women in India were coming forward and putting their shoulder to the wheel. "Mm, Ask-with (Wendy to her many friends) was there, attractive and handsome as always, in all black with the most becoming little hat, and Mrs. Mifflin, like a Vogue picture in dazzling white and navy, tailored and spick and span—she is ever an inspiration to her sisters who may be inclined to wilt and shirk.

There has been a very lovely exhibition of medieval Hindu architecture and sculpture at the Sheraton Hotel, opening in a happy speech of Sir Edward Benhall in the presence of a large number of the brightest spirits in the Imperial City. Mr. Raymond Burnier was the artist and his medium is photography, if that word may be used in referring to his glorious prints which make one not only see but also feel the subject and determine one to visit the originals no matter how difficult the journey!

Mr. Jamini Roy's exhibition again brought out the "intelligencia," and all the artists, professional and amateur, of whom there are many here at present. By the way, look out for the Services Art Exhibition at which much interesting and serious work will be seen. The Jamini Roy pictures sold quicker than the proverbial hot cakes and the most popular seemed to be the bright, child-like figures reminiscent of Bengal village art, which were snapped up at once and there was almost a tussle for one of them!

Dances have been numberless and a jolly one was that at the opening of the Curzon Road Barracks when the American officers invited their friends to dance with them to an excellent band with a wonderful pianist. Then there were the Red Cross Balls at the Gymkhana Club and at Maiden's Hotel, the Hunt Ball, the jolly affair of the Exvones (such attractive costumes were those!) at the Piccadilly in aid of Greece. Then there was the last Strange Dance of the season and everyone was sad to think that there would not be another until October. We have all made such delightful friendships there with officers from all over the Empire and above all, with the handsomest and cheerfulness of American.

And talking of Americans, how we all enjoyed the Tennis Exhibition matches at the Irwin Stadium which were attended by Their Excellencies, the Viceroy and Viscountess Wavell. Mr. Gih Sandifer was a revelation in showmanship (good old Texas!) and some of us were taking lessons in how to run an entertainment with never a dull moment, a non-stop variety in fact. There were some marvellous tennis, such a treat to see this again after all those years. There was the deftness of Mr. W. C. Choy, excellent representative of his gallant country, the

left-handed, magnificent vollying of Kukulyevich, the Yugoslav, the agile grace of Mac Illmer (such a prestidigitator, cap he wore) and indeed each of the players was a specialist and a delight to watch. Sandifer's auctioneering was most amusing and poached on all into the fold of a kindly brotherhood making us feel happy and carefree; let's hope we meet him often in the near future.

A Prize Kiss

Then there was the prize kiss given with unaffected charm by such a pretty Red Cross worker, Miss Margy Burke—this was one of the high-spots of the afternoon. The whole entertainment was in aid of the Chinese Medical Relief Fund and Mr. Shen, Chinese Commissioner, made a moving speech, and his most attractive young wife who is so universally liked, was there, pencil slim in the fascinating modern Chinese robe.

Concerts have all come in a clump but even so, the more we have the more we want. There was one in aid of the Czechoslovakian children arranged by the popular Paul Strauss who led and conducted an augmented orchestra. Iris Kellys in such a pretty, simple white picture frock sang still better than she has ever done before, as did also Berenice MacFarquhar in her rich wine-violet voice. Then that wonder-child, now "virtuoso", Liel Stary, generously gave two concerts for the troops at Viceroy's House at the invitation of Her Excellency. So many applications were there for seats, which were reserved for troops only, that two concerts had to be given instead of one which had been the original intention. We want more and more such concerts for the troops who are our brothers and our cousins and our uncles and who starve for good music. Would it not be better to have an all-India "concert" concert party to go on tour and bring the best possible music to all our allied forces? Liel Stary also gave two public concerts, both to overflowing and there is no doubt that this tiny artery goes from strength to strength.

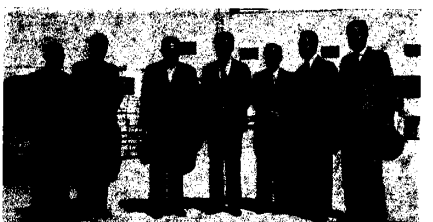


Air Chief Commandant Dame Katherine Trefusis Forbes, Director of the W.A.A.F., who is now in India to explore the possibilities of employing women more extensively with the R.A.F. in India. At present a number of Women's Army Corps (India) are serving at R.A.F. Headquarters and base units.

The Delhi Music Club concert was devoted to Brahms and discovered a real star in Wren Judith Bromley-Martin whose soaring soprano delighted everyone and whose musical figure (interrupted by the war) is certain.

There have been at least two Missions, both of them charming. Chinese and Persian, but we saw more of the latter who were present at a very pleasant tea party given by the Iranian Consul-General and Mrs. Mosamed, a radiant hostess, who had a warm greeting for everyone. The guests all looked specially smart and animated on that occasion and there were many cheerful counts too numerous to chronicle, but the high-lights were the violet cap and gloves of pretty, young Mrs. Davies so recently arrived from the States, the pert little white hat of Mrs. Weygman (always so sought) and the perfect duck of a black hat crowned by the feathers of some exotic and unknown bird in evocative dress worn by clever and attractive Mrs. Burns.

Already housewives are picking for the hills and talking much of the difficulties (and they are real) of finding accommodation. It seems that every hill station is full to overflowing and now Delhi, in spite of the miles of buildings which spring up with a mushroom-like growth, never seems to be able to keep pace with its swelling population.



The Persian Cultural Mission arrived in India recently. The Mission consists of H. E. Ali Asghar Hikmat (THIRD FROM LEFT), leader, Professor Ebrahim Pourde Doud (THIRD FROM RIGHT) and Professor Rashid Yavari (FAR RIGHT). In the centre is Mr. Matemadi, Consul-General for Persia.

Madras Musings

By "Miss Mouse."

HAZEL Sell's wedding to Leslie Hooper at St. George's Cathedral was one of the events of the season—the church was beautifully decorated, white lilies on the altar and huge banks of mixed flowers lined the chancel. Hazel's dress was of pure white crepe with a short train cut in one with the skirt—her veil of white tulle was held in place by a bow of satin and she carried a bouquet of lilies. Her bridesmaids, little Jill Kennedy and tall Carol Carter, wore frocks of deep pink moire with posies of carnations to match and two pink flowers to hold their short veils. The best man was an old friend of the bridegroom, Duncan Macpherson.

Mrs. Pitts, Hazel's twin sister, who married last year, was in light tan with a tiny beige hat. Mrs. Sell chose navy blue appliqued with white flowers. Among the congregation were Mrs. P. M. Dyson with her two small daughters, Daphne Mockett, Mr. and Mrs. Higginson and Mrs. Maynard.

The Rotary Club organised a dinner dance and cabaret at the Greenmore in aid of the Red Cross. His Excellency, the Governor, and Lady Hope were present in a large party. The cabaret was produced by Ray Canada from Bangalore and was much appreciated. Colonel Gill auctioned some bottles of



During the visit to Madras of Their Excellencies, the Viceroy and Lady Wavell, a reception was held in their honour by His Excellency, the Governor of Madras and the Hon. Lady Hope, at Government House, Madras, when these photos were taken. Below H. E. the Governor is presenting the officers to H.E. the Viceroy and above Viscountess Wavell is shaking hands with the Yavarni of Pithapuram.

Scotch very successfully, also a silver model of an aeroplane. Mrs. Power, who has just come from Watnair, was with Captain and Mrs. Monk-Mason; and Mrs. Rita Mall was in a party with Mrs. Cattell and a host of others. The third race meeting in aid of the Governor's War Fund was well attended; but the going was heavy and the favourites shy in coming forward. Mrs. Allerton was there with Mrs. Dugan and among the lady owners were Mrs. Nugent Grant, Mrs. C. N. Reid and Mrs. Kelso, whose horse, Master McKinley, did its owner full justice.

Lover's Leap

Five members of the Madras Dramatic Society gave a very creditable performance of "Lover's Leap" in aid of the Greek Relief Fund. The play, which ran for a long time in London, was written by Philip Johnson, Jill Goldburn, as Helen Storer, a highly-strung woman in her middle thirties whose husband has left her to devote his time to Egyptology, brought her to a magnificent climax by her behaviour during a thunderstorm; Lionel Knopp as the husband played his part admirably, and the audience waited for the moment when he reappeared on the stage. Phyllis Mary Dyson was the perfect hard-boiled, flirty girl of twenty-five; Helen's younger sister, Sarah, who allows fate to decide her way of living. Eversand Allardice—Cedric Norrey's question mark of Sarah's life, played the part of a nervous young man in a difficult position. Poynter—Richard Triggs in real life—the butler, in an almost silent role, showed that he knew a thing or two about the stage. The set was most effective and the producer, Dr. R. J. Dyson, is to be



Another Red Cross event was the Carnival and Fete at the Lal Bagh gardens, organised by members of the Mysore State Women's Auxiliary Committee. Mrs. N. Madhava Rao, wife of the Dewan of Mysore, is President of this Committee, and the Fete was opened by the Dewan himself, who in his speech praised the excellent work of the ladies concerned, and Mrs. Vigors (Secretary of the Women's Auxiliary) thanked him on their behalf. Among the many who assisted at the Fete were the Yuvarni of Kagal, Miss Malik Shah, Mrs. David, Miss Isaac, Miss Dhandy, Miss Srinivasan, Miss Anantaram, Mrs. Kapur and Dr. Albuquerque.

Mrs. Thumboo Chetty, wife of the Private Secretary to H.H. the Maharaja of Mysore, has been interesting herself in a scheme for providing amenities in the form of a club-house and rest centre for members of the Indian Air Force at present some miles out of Bangalore. A Committee has been formed, with the Dewan of Mysore as the President, Mrs. Thumboo Chetty as Vice-President, and other members include Mr. and Mrs. Devraj Shivram, Mr. Imam, Mrs. Raju, Mrs. Anderson, Group Captain Howard, and Flying Officer Nedungudi.

At Home

Mr. and Mrs. Thumboo Chetty gave a delightful At Home at their lovely residence, "Balaahavale," to over 100 guests. Mr. and Mrs. Francis Thumboo Chetty (their daughter and son-in-law), and Dr. (Miss) Albuquerque helped them receive their guests. After tea there was tennis, putting, and deck quotes outside. Several Air Force officers were present including Air Commodore Mackworth, Group Captain Howard, Squadron Leaders Rule, Chatterji and Dwyer. The Dewan of Mysore and Mrs. Madhava Rao, Mrs. Christion (wife of General Christion), Mr. and Mrs. Devraj Shivram, Mr. and Begum Shah and their attractive daughter, Malik, Mrs. Bewes, Sir Abdon Banerji, Mr. and Mrs. Srinivasan, Dr. and Mrs. Montreux, Mr. and Mrs. Mirza, Col. Aspinall, Mrs. Cowdrey, H.E. the Apostolic Delegate, Mrs. and Miss Fay Anderson, Miss P. S. Pillai, a graceful and a flowered sari with vivid touches of green, Mrs. Kothawala and her daughters, Mr. and Mrs. Vikram Sarabhai, Mrs. Clarke, Mr. Anantaram, the Chief Justice, and many others were present.

Fay Anderson has recently announced her engagement to George Bayley of the Canadian Air Force, and hopes to be married in a few months. Joan Tayleur (now Mrs. Ian Christie) has left Bangalore for her new home in Abbotsford, and her other sister Pam left two weeks later for a place somewhere near Assam, where she is going to drive a mobile car. The Tayleur family is a small party for Pam the night before she

(Continued on page 33)



His Excellency, Sir Arthur Hope, decorating Mr. O. L. Burrell at a Police Parade held at Madras. Sir Lionel Gasson, Inspector General of Police, is standing next to the Governor.



During a recent visit to Madras, the Viceroy inspected a parade of the city's civil defence forces. His Excellency is accompanied by Mr. A. D. Scollie, A.R.P. Controller. Sir Arthur Hope, Governor of Madras, is standing on the left.

Bangalore Lore

By "Jane."

THIS Red Cross drive continues, and contributions keep coming in from different sources. "Ye Old Victory Shoppe" (run under the Chairmanship of Mrs. Cowdrey with many willing helpers) has donated a further Rs. 1,000 from their entire proceeds for January, the Flag Day organised by Lady Berestford Pease raised a large collection, and Mrs. Gourlie's "American Lucky Grab," by her efficient sale of tickets for one dozen bottles of "Scotch" brought in over Rs. 7,000! Mrs. Gourlie was assisted in her splendid effort by members of the American Club.

ungratulated on such excellent results of hard work.

Their Excellencies, the Viceroy and Lady Wavell, spent a very busy week in the Presidency; Viscount Wavell included Madras and Coimbatore in his itinerary, while Lady Wavell devoted most of her time to Madras itself and inspected caissons and hospitals and everywhere showed an encouraging interest and enthusiasm for all that is being done. One of the many places to meet with her approval was the newly-opened W. V. S. Centre, run by Mrs. Lane, Mrs. Pollard and Mrs. Watson who only recently returned to Madras after a long absence. In honour of the distinguished visitors, Sir Arthur and Lady Hope gave a reception at Government House, Madras—at which nearly 1,000 guests were presented to Their Excellencies, including the Chief Justice and Lady Leach, Judges of the High Court, Advisors to the Governor and prominent officials and non-officials. Lady Wavell was in mauve and white with a large black hat which suited her dignified charm. Lady Hope wore beige lace with brown accessories.

Anthony Paul was down on leave to see how his young daughter Sarah is getting on and gave a very pleasant party to celebrate Jan's first birthday.



Officers of the Lancashire Fusiliers at an At Home "somewhere in India." From l. to r. are:—Major J. Hall-Barlow, Capt. Rai Sahib Dulp Mansingh, Mrs. Barlow, Major A. F. Town, Mrs. Town and Major Simpson.

In Lucknow Now

By M. F. W.

THERE have been several changes in Civil Lines during the past month. Mr. W. H. Christie has been appointed Chief Secretary, and Mr. Christopher Cooke takes over from him as Finance Secretary to the U. P. Government.

Mr. Lewys-Lloyd, the Deputy-Commissioner, leaves us for Saharanpur. He and his charming wife will be very much missed in Lucknow. In addition to his official duties, Mr. Lewys-Lloyd did a great deal in the way of public welfare work. He was, among other things, President of the Lucknow Branch of the Red Cross. Mrs. Lewys-Lloyd, too, has worked very hard here, and it is thanks to her untiring and efficient services to the St. John Ambulance nursing Association that an excellent system of supplying extra nurses to the military hospitals has been built up.

Deputy-Commissioner in Mr. Lewys-Lloyd's place, is Mr. David Wallis; but it will be simply a change of names for him and his family, as they have been in Lucknow for some time.

Police circles have also had changes. Mr. Carless left last month, and his place



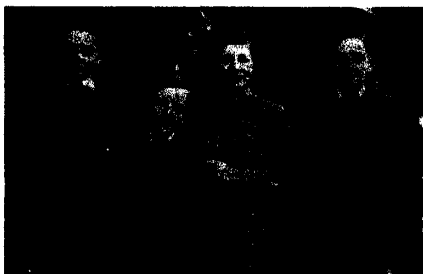
Mr. D. G. Watson, I.P., who has recently been appointed I.G.P., Central Provinces and Berar.

as D.I.G. of this Range was taken for a short time by Mr. George Pearce, who was followed by Mr. Luck. The Luckas have settled down in the U.S. Club, as houses are so difficult in Lucknow these days. Mr. Luck, however, has already set to work with paint and furnishing materials to make their quarters as thoroughly individual and attractive as their houses always are.

March saw a general exodus of children, back to their various schools in the Hills. The Governor of Bengal's two children came through Lucknow, on their way to the Hallett War School in Naini Tal. As seems only natural, this delightful school is well stocked from Lucknow. Among those who go are Ian Christie (his sister, Priscilla, has just left and "come out"); the two Hutchinson Children; David Brotherton, whose father and mother are both in the Army, Mrs. Brotherton being an officer in the W.A.C.I.; Peggy Moss, whose sister, Anne, was also there till she left and joined the W.A.C.I.; and (new this term) David Isaac.

For W.V.S. Canteen

Entertainments in aid of War Purposes, or Charities, have been, as usual well to the fore during the past month. The big dance at the Chatter in aid of the W.V.S. Canteen was a tremendous success. It was certainly a Dance with a Difference, being advertised as Krazy Night—and a nice cheerful, crazy sort of night it turned out to be. Attractions included a miniature canteen, serving Hot Dogs and Waffles and all manner of exciting things to eat; roulette and a cabaret popular Crown-and-Anchor; a cabaret show; and "taxi girls" for the inevitable crowd of extra men to dance with. The cabaret items were all excellent, of their kind. Mrs. Ede and Colonel Windt's turn. "A Bicycle Made for Two," was beautifully hilarious, and



Mrs. Audrey North and her three big sons who will be leaving India shortly. They will be missed by their many friends in India and especially by their aunt, Miss Durani Warburton, with whom they have been living for the last three years.

Bangalore Lore

(Continued from page 34)

left, when Col. and Mrs. Brown showed the colour films they had taken of Joan's wedding.

Italian Dance Band

The newly-formed Italian dance band has been engaged to play at the B.U.S. Club, and dances have been quite full lately. Pam Tayleur was seen at one wearing a cerise chiffon frock with a hoard of the same draped over her dark head, and Mrs. Elson was another wearer of this style the same night. Mrs. Crawford and Peggy Hindon (in different parties) had both chosen black satin skirts with blue blouses. Major (now Colonel) Sheridan, back from the Frontier after a year's absence, was in a large party and Mrs. Corbett wearing an unusual dress of pink satin that flared into a brown tulle skirt knee downwards, was seen dancing with Alasdair Fraser of the R.A.F. Col. Lodge and Major Kell's

very cleverly done. There was also a chorus of Canton Girls; and Major Lawrence-Gower sang "There'll Always Be an England" in a most pleasing voice, with a chorus of soldiers and W.A.C.I.'s.

The Committee of the U.S. Club, has decided (most admirably) to give the proceeds of the Wednesday fortnightly cocktail dances to war purposes or charities. Among those who are to benefit this month, are the Ex-Services Association, and the Lucknow branch of the S.P.C.A.

Another charity occasion was the Bring-and-Buy sale given in the grounds of Sir Tennant and Lady Sloan's lovely house. This has now become an annual event, and is always popular. Eight hundred rupees was made this year, which, of course, went to that deserving cause, the U.P. Benevolent Society. Lady Hallett was present at the Sale.

"Carola Cerf"

The Red Cross benefited from the Pianoforte Recital given at the Chatter by "Carola Cerf." This was a really delightful occasion, the more so as there is so little in the way of concert these days. H.E. the Governor and Lady Hallett were present; and also among the audience I noticed Sir Tennant and Lady Sloan, Mrs. and Mrs. Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. Cooke, and Mr. Percerott and his very lovely wife.

Another ceremony performed by His Excellency, Sir Maurice Hallett, during March, was the laying of the Foundation Stone of the new Maternity and Child Welfare Home being built by the Lewys-Lloyd Maternity and Child Welfare Trust. Judging by the large sum donated to the Trust, Lucknow is not lacking in generous and generous thought for its future generations. Lady Hallett, who has always taken a very sympathetic and active interest in Child Welfare, was present, as also were many officials and Lucknow's leading citizens.

party included four sisters in lovely saris; Mrs. Anderson came with Brigadier Jones and Col. Chamber and the Spains; and Col. and Mrs. Bennett, the latter wearing black with silver spots, Major Williams, Col. and Mrs. Halliday, Mrs. Ankin (whose dark hair is offset by a streak of gold) seen dancing with Air Commodore Mackworth, Col. Lucas with Col. and Mrs. Cooke and Molly Thomas, and Mrs. Carter in blue crepe.

The R.A.F. band played for the War Fund dance on the last Saturday of the month, and on that crowded night, lovely Cynthia Turner's red net frock with its billowing skirt stood out as one of the prettiest in the room, and she wore red flowers in her dark hair. Fay Anderson looked her best in a swirling skirted beige dress, and Mrs. Sloan in black lace was a tall and graceful figure. Sidney Laddick wore green with red accessories.

The Play Readers' Society opened their season with a reading of "George and Margaret" at the Savoy. Pam Tayleur made her last appearance at this, and after the play, Owen Clarke wished her God speed on behalf of the Society.



Dr. and Mrs. V. S. Ram, with their young daughter, Dr. Ram, who was the head of the Department of Political Science, Lucknow University, has been appointed as the Secretary of the newly-created Department, Institute of Foreign Affairs, Government of India, New Delhi. Dr. Ram has now gone to take up charge of his new appointment and his little daughter seems to be very pleased about it. Dr. Ram represented India in the last League of Nations Conference.



Major Kr. Sumar Singh, who, after a brilliant career at the Indian Police Training College, U.P., joined the famous "Sawal Man Guards" Jaipur, the only household Foot Guard Regiment of its kind in India and which is doing splendid work in several theatres of war.



Lady Colville, wife of the Governor of Bombay, takes a keen interest in all hospitality activities. She is seen here on the left paying a visit to the Hospitality Committee and discussing hospitality affairs with Mrs. L. A. Halabi, Joint Hon. Secretary of the Committee. Mrs. Hunter is the other Joint Hon. Secretary. At the other table is Mrs. J. B. Graves, who is in charge of the section of the hospitality office which arranges for men to spend their leave up-country. Lady Colville took the opportunity of inspecting the Committee's Mobile Canteens and met quite a number of the workers. Mrs. Barker, who is in charge of these canteens, is presenting the workers to Lady Colville. They include Mrs. Shuttleworth, Mrs. Potter, Mrs. Watson, Mrs. Tutton, Mrs. Pilot, Mrs. Moody, Miss McNeil, Mrs. Bracwell, and Mrs. Kiddle. The Committee now have three mobile canteens at least two of which go out every day leaving the office about 10 o'clock and returning in the evening after having visited the outlying camps and also some of the hospitals.

Gateway Gossip

By "Budli."

MR. CECIL BEATON, artist and photographer beloved of English society, paid a visit to Bombay last month and I had the good fortune to meet him in "The Onlooker" Office. "The Onlooker" has, at one time or another, used quite a number of his photographs and the Editor tells me that this month a delightful photograph of the King of Persia and his family by Mr. Beaton is being published as a frontpiece.

Mr. Beaton prides himself on his marvellous backgrounds and to him (though not always to the Editor!) they are of as much importance as the subject, as may be seen from the lovely photograph of Mrs. Paterson (see page 18) taken among the stately pillars of Government House in Calcutta. He is giving up most of his time now to the Ministry of Information and is in India on their behalf. In Bombay, he was the guest of His Excellency, the Governor of Bombay, and Lady Colville.

Another guest at Government House who hopes to spend some time in this country was Major-General Sir Iven Mackay who, with Lady Mackay, has just arrived from Australia to take up his appointment as High Commissioner to India—a new departure on the part of the Australian Government. Sir Iven came almost direct from the battlefields of New Guinea where he commanded the Australians. Both he and Lady Mackay made many friends in Bombay during their short stay before going on to Delhi.

Travel Ambassador

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Gollan came down from Simla to meet the newcomers and smooth the way for them. Mr. Gollan knowing India now as well as he knows his own country. He has been here for some years, first as Australia's Travel Ambassador and then as Trade Commissioner. In order to give Bombay people an opportunity of contacting Sir Iven, Mr. Gollan gave two luncheon parties at the Taj, the first of which was attended by the Governor of Bombay and his Advisors, the Senior Service Officers in Bombay, Major-General Alton and Commodore Rattray and Bombay's leading industrialists, more of whom were invited on the second day.

Simultaneously, many Bombay ladies had an opportunity of meeting Lady Mackay at friendly lunch parties given by Mrs. Gollan at the Yacht Club.

The Australian Ambassador entertained Sir Iven and Lady Mackay to a dinner

at the Taj when Mr. and Mrs. Newbery and the Committee were the hosts. Lady Mackay wore a maroon-blue dinner dress and Mrs. Gollan was also in blue in the becoming hyacinth shade, softly gathered. Mrs. Newbery, wife of the President, looked attractive in a filmy pink and white floral night and Lady Clayton was in green. The Claytons have recently had Sir Hugh's brother—"Tubby" of Toth H fame—staying with them en route for other parts. Sir Hugh was complaining that he is getting writer's cramp as a result of having to re-forward his brother's enormous mail.

During the evening Mrs. Shanti Seldon charmed the guests with her delightful playing, her choice of music being particularly pleasing.

The Mackays will be joined, before this is published, by their daughter, Mrs. Jean Travers, whose husband, also an Australian, is a prisoner of war in Germany. She has been at G.H.Q. in Cairo but comes to join her father in a secretarial capacity.

Lady Mackay proved to be a tireless shopper, endeavouring to make up shortages in their needs which they were unable to get in Australia where clothing is very strictly rationed.

The Australian party was seen about a good deal and enjoyed an afternoon at the races, having previously been entertained to lunch by Sir Sultan and Lady Chinnay. After the races Sir Iven and Lady



Mr. Habib Rahimtoola and Mr. Homi K. Dady-Burjor held a most successful joint exhibition of their photographs in Bombay which was seen by several hundred people. The photograph of this little fellow was one of the exhibits. He is Mr. Dady-Burjor's son. Apparently he did not care too much about being photographed for everybody to see.

Mackay, accompanied by Mr. Moodie and Capt. Pring, joined a party given by Mr. and Mrs. Newbery, at the Willington

Club cocktail dance, among the other guests being Sir Sultan and Lady Chinnay, the American Consul and Mrs. Donovan, the Gollans, Bhrawandwalla, Markers, Habib Rahimtoola, Raschid Baig, Mrs. Guddar and Begum Abdul Kadir, down from Junagadh (where her husband is Dewan) looking serene and lovely as ever. After dinner at the Club the party went to a nearby cinema to see a private showing of Walt Disney's film "Victory Through Air Power" based on Major Severely's book.

Another arrival in Bombay, welcomed with open arms by crowds of old friends, was Mrs. Mavis Turner, wife of Mr. John Turner of Reuter's, looking extremely well after a sojourn in South America, the United States and England. Young John is still at home at school but Peter came back again with his mother.

Which Birthday?

Eddy Wadia celebrated his birthday (no one knew which) the other evening when he and his popular wife, Eva, entertained friends, among whom were seen Dr. and Miss Mehru Masina, the Naval Tatas (she in an attractive light blue and silver sari), Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Adams, Marjorie attractive in white lace, Miss Cama in red and gold, Mrs. Jones from Burma in black with sequins; a delightful newcomer to Bombay—Miss Maclean of the American Red Cross, in white with gold embroidery, Mrs. Blair, Miss Fallow, Abbess and many others. Eva herself was in a sticky-blue sari sparkling with sequins.

Mention of parties calls to mind a very successful one given by the Burna Lawsons on the occasion of the return to the fold for a few weeks of their daughter Pat, now, of course, Mrs. "Bill" Carter.

Most interesting guest on that night was General Verschoyle-Campbell who had just heard the good news that his son, commanding a Royal Navy submarine in the Pacific, had been awarded the D.S.O. for the sinking of a Japanese aircraft carrier. Mrs. Campbell, well known in artistic circles in Delhi, was unfortunately unable to come to Bombay with her husband. A second son who left India little more than a year ago to train in Africa has just received his commission in the R.A.F.

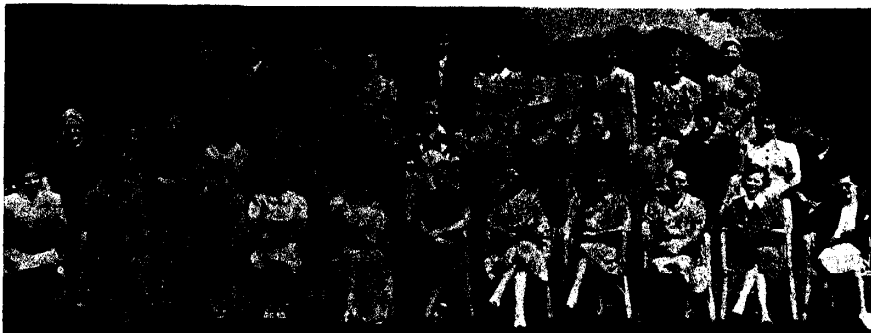
During the month news came of the arrival of a daughter, Marilyn Grayson, to Capt. and Mrs. Alastair Lindsay-Robertson. Maureen's mother, Mrs. Moseley is down meantime in South India with them.

Her many friends in Bombay and Madras will also be pleased to hear that Diana Smith (daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Niel Smith, Bombay) has also a daughter. Mrs. Smith went home with her husband to England some time ago.

(Continued on page 17)



Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Smith in their box at a recent race-meeting at Mahalaxmi, Bombay. Mrs. (Gladys) Smith's Navy Sheepskin Jackets League is well known and her stall scored a signal success in the Merrie Town Red Cross Fair in Bombay taking over half a lakh of rupees. With Mr. and Mrs. Smith is Mrs. Harris one of the Sheepskin League's most enthusiastic helpers.



Hamilton Studios.

Members of the Board of Management, Committees and Secretaries of the Bombay Y.W.C.A., at a luncheon given by the President, Mrs. H. E. Jones, at the Willington Club in honour of Miss Tsai Kwei, National General Secretary of the Y.W.C.A. of China. From l. to r. are :- (FRONT ROW) Mrs. Ditchburn, Mrs. C. F. Lynn, Mrs. R. C. Lowndes, Mrs. P. E. Fielding, Mrs. J. Kumarrappa, Miss Tsai Kwei, Mrs. H. E. Jones, Miss M. R. Law, Miss O. Kaar, Mrs. L. P. Bourne, and Mrs. S. S. W. Brittain. (SECOND ROW) Miss Groom, Mrs. E. M. B. Ghosh, Miss E. Moreland, Mrs. A. Sircar, Mrs. T. Azopardi, Mrs. A. MacRae, Mrs. P. Porlock, Mrs. N. M. Cameron, Mrs. A. S. Chaudwick, Mrs. Burns-Lawson, Mrs. H. V. Poinson, Mrs. J. W. Prentice, Mrs. E. M. Moffatt, Miss F. Partridge, and Mrs. I. Salway. (BACK ROW) Mrs. O. Koh Bon, Mrs. Greaves, Mrs. K. Wilson, Miss M. Hyeem, Miss M. Drescher, Miss S. Aaron, Miss T. Pussanah, Mrs. P. R. Harper, Mrs. F. M. W. Harrison and Mrs. A. E. Everard.



Sharda, the lovely wife of Mr. Ramesh Balsekar of the Bank of India Ltd., Bombay.

Gateway Gossip

(Continued from page 36)

R. B. Y. C. Regatta

Although the ranks of Bombay's yachtsmen are somewhat thinned and a number of yachts are not in the water, a very creditable attempt was made to emulate the Regatta of peace days. Entries, as was to be expected, were not numerous during the week and the Seabird Ladies' Race had to be cancelled. In the Handicap Class the event was won by Mrs. Thornton at the helm of *Varuna*. First over the line was *Merope* steered by Mrs. Ahlward whose husband crewed for her. *Merope* was closely followed by *Capella* steered by Mrs. Joan Noel Paston who made a re-appearance on the harbour after several years' absence. The Governor's Cup (Handicap Class) was won in good style by *Jagriti*, owned and steered by Clarence Steerwood from *Capella* which, steered by T. O. B. Kynnerley, secured no fewer than four wins in succession during the Regatta, tribute to that keen yachtsman's ability and knowledge of the vagaries of the harbour. The much-coveted Gordon Bennett Cup called on the last day of the Regatta was won by *Varuna*

(Alastair MacRae), the MacFarlane Cup in the same event for first over the line going to *Capella*.

Sir John and Lady Colville were on board the Committee vessel on the Friday when Lady Colville gave away the prizes. She wore white for the occasion and Miss Colville was in a pale blue suit with snood of the same colour. The Commodore, Allan Percy, was in excellent form when he made his last speech in that capacity as he makes way for Col. Ralph Emerson who, as Vice-Commodore, was due for "promotion" just when he was called to active service, of which he saw a lively lot in North Africa and Sicily before being recalled to India to assume the General Managership of the G.I.P. Railway. Among the most popular recipients of a number of prizes was Mrs. "Tessa" Glasby who steered her lovely cruising and racing yacht *Mubarak* first over the line on many occasions earlier in the season, stealing the limelight and the gun from the oldest and most experienced of male "skippers."

First Flower Show

One of Bombay's most energetic women, Mrs. Lilavati Munsli is to be congratulated with her committee on organising Bombay's first Flower and Vegetable Show. She did a great service to the City and it is hoped that she will repeat the effort next year when, with ample warning, the City's flower lovers and enthusiastic vegetable

grovers, will have had time to do themselves and the City justice.

Indian and British women alike were inspired by the message brought to those working in the interests of women by Mrs. Anshu Grenfell, Vice-President of the World Y.W.C.A., who passed through Bombay on her way to Australia. The Y.W.C.A. were fortunate in that she was present when the Bombay Branch held its annual meeting and the President, Mrs. H. E. Jones, was able to present to her at the same time Miss Tsai Kwei, National General Secretary of China and the new National General Secretary of the Indian Y.W.C.A., Miss Sosa Mathew.

From a financial point of view Mrs. A. F. S. Talarkhan and her helpers excelled themselves when, as a result of the Merrie Foun Fete, they were able to hand over to the Red Cross fund no less than three lakhs of rupees. Sir Homi Mehta was most enthusiastic about the work done by all the helpers who worked steadily for eight days. The Fete was opened by Lady Colville, dressed in soft grey with touches of pink on the shoulders to match her flower sari, accompanied by Miss Colville, most appropriately wearing her St. John Ambulance uniform which suits her so well. Mrs. Talarkhan wore a wine-coloured sari with a satin border of a deeper tone.

Several hundred people accepted the invitation of Mr. Aniruddh Shalchibhy



Hamilton Studios.

Shrinani Maharajkumar Khanderao Gaekwar of Baroda, having obtained his commission, is now in the Indian Cavalry. The Maharajkumar, who is an all-round sportsman, is a grandson of the late Maharajah of Baroda and a cousin of the present Maharajah. His studies at Cambridge were interrupted by the outbreak of war, when he returned to India.



Lady Colville, on her recent visit to Deolali South, laid the foundation stone of the Darna River Club, now under construction, as an amenity for officers and their families, and Nursing Sisters of the Station. Lady Colville is seen here with Lt.-Col. Mann, Chairman of the Club.

Tyebjee to a reception at the Turf Club one Sunday afternoon to celebrate the marriage of his daughter Shrin with Zafarali Taybali Rajabali and an enjoyable few hours was spent by the guests amid the pleasant surroundings of the Turf Club which made an ideal background for the many beautiful saris worn by the Indian ladies.

"Lina's Jungle Shop" donated the following amounts from her takings for February. St. Dunstan's Rs. 1,000. Matunga Widows' Appeal, Fund Rs. 1,000. "Welfare Soldiers' Families" Rs. 500. B.W.V.C., for The B.N.H. Library Rs. 500. Women's Services Club Rs. 500. Scotch Kirk Rest Room for Services Rs. 500. League of Mercy Rs. 600. Total Rs. 4,000.



Captain "Bishop" Bentley, who is a well-known figure in this circle, recently stayed at The Club whilst on leave, when he succeeded in fitting into a crowded programme, a very welcome "reference."



Presentation of the Kaiser-i-Hind Medal to Mrs. Mackenzie at the Provincial Darbar held at Sibi by Lt-Col. William Rupert Hay, C.S.I., C.I.E., Agent to the Governor-General, Resident and Chief Commissioner in Baluchistan. Mrs. Phyllis Mackenzie, the wife of Brigadier Mackenzie, Area Commander, Quetta, received her Kaiser-i-Hind Medal for the splendid work she did in connection with the inauguration and organisation of the British Forces Club, which is so popular amongst British Troops in Quetta. She was largely responsible for the preliminary work for the Club in 1942 and personally collected the names of all those willing to work there. She arranged the duties to be carried out by each volunteer and drew up a scheme for the working of the Club by which members were responsible for the cooking, heating, cleaning and preparation of the rooms, as well as the actual serving of the food, sale of cigarettes and other things to the men. There are now 80 B.F.C.S. members employed in the Club each week and Mrs. Mackenzie is still responsible for preparing the roster and organising their duties. In addition she is now organising Secretary of the Women's Voluntary Service in the Province and deals with the questions of rationing, allowances and passages, as they affect war-separated wives, and with the many other activities of the Baluchistan branch of the Women's Voluntary Services.

Poona Prattle

By "The Prawn."

THE delightful Poona cold weather is over, and the arrival of warmer days has seen the beginning of the move to the hills of those lucky enough to be able to get away for a short spell.

The secret of the proposed visit of Sir Claude Auchinleck, the Commander in Chief, to Poona was well kept. He and General Huxford Pender started with Major-General Beard, at Command Poona. The Forces Clubs were particularly delighted to be selected for a visit by India's popular military chief.

Colonel Dutt put on an extremely good variety show to amuse the patients in his hospital. The cast, all local, was of a really high standard, and included Bunny Fane, Arthur Parris, and some good-looking Nursing Sisters, who certainly knew their stuff on the stage.

An S.N.A. party, "Yonks, Welcome," paid us an early visit soon after arriving from the Middle East. The very attractive film star, Jean Seaton, celebrated her 22nd birthday in Poona, but was unfortunate in being unable to go on to Bangalore with the Party.

Other distinguished visitors to Poona included Mrs. Cornhill, Vice-President of the Y.W.C.A. from London. She



A scene from the *Pantomime Cinderella*, which was performed at the Club, D-I-Khan, recently in aid of the Red Cross Funds. The play was produced and directed by Capt. Jackson Black and the costumes were made by Mrs. (Muriel) Grove White. In the picture from l. to r. are — Mrs. E. C. Anley, Miss Dawn Olds, Master Reg Lee and Master Tom Rodding. Among others who took part in the performance were Mrs. M. Luge, Lt. R. Ridgwell, Lt.-Col. D. Anley, Major (Tommy) Thompson, Miss Elsie Rodding, Robin Bradshaw, Michael Broadbent, Keith Olds, Brenda Olds, Daphne Smith, Miss Amy Dugger, Francis Dugger and George Dugger.

gave a very interesting lecture to a packed audience of women war workers, and had some enlightening things to say of women's work in England under war conditions.

General Huxford, famous for his Rural Uplift Work in the Punjab, also gave a very good lecture. He has been the

guest of Colonel and Mrs. Dick, who will be greatly missed when they leave Poona shortly. Mrs. Dick has put her heart and soul into her work as W. V. S. commandant of the Convalescent Depot, where she has organised comforts and amenities with tremendous success. Her motto is, "Be here, to fall on Mrs. Carrivick when the Ducks leave."

Mrs. Nunn, wife of Brigadier Nunn, has organised a series of lectures on Arts and Crafts to train more helpers to teach Diversional Therapy to troops in hospitals. Mrs. Hinder, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Wells are the talented ladies who are giving instruction in leather work, toy-making, paper mache and many other fascinating types of work which should prove of great interest and value to the sick and wounded.

The Blood Bank has been active of late, and Patsy Prall and Margaret Stewart were seen very speck and spart in their uniform, collecting as many volunteers as possible for this very vital cause. It is such an easy way to help in the war effort, that it is surprising how few people come forward to donate their blood and so do their bit.

Tom Lachon counts the news of the engagement of "Terrie" Nunn (Lillian Mrs. D.) next daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. E. G. A. Smith who were for many years in Poona, to Capt. William John Galloway, M.C., Gurkha Rifles, of Glasgow. "Terrie" is now a sergeant in the W.A.S.



Photograph taken on the occasion of the first anniversary of the opening of the Natives Canteen, Rawalpindi. From l. to r. are: (Sitting) — Lt.-General H. Ennis, C.B., M.C., Mrs. Bowen, Canteen Representative, Sardar Bahadur Bakshi Dalip Singh, D.S.O., Mrs. Linnis, President, W.F.S. (Standing) — Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Branch, Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Strange, Mrs. Cable, Mrs. Nunn, Mrs. Woodhouse, Mrs. Pinner, Mrs. Moss and Mrs. Banister, Canteen Workers. Many others were, unfortunately, unable to be present when the photograph was taken.



Miss Heather Keelan and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Andrew Keelan, pose prettily for their picture at the Donald Club Swimming Pool.

This Is A Taraniddle :

Sharp: I think you will admit, old chap, that some men owe their success in life to their wives.

Keen: Yes, but others owe their wives to their success in life.

And This A Tale :

The Girl: You make me think of Venus de Milo.

The Young Man: But I have arms.

The Girl: Oh, have you? I hadn't noticed.

The Hold-Up

"Jack was held up by two men last night."

"Where?"

"All the way home."

Tin Tacks

"I never loved anyone but you."

"Nonsense."

"You are the light of my life."

"I've heard that before."

"I can't live without your love."

"Foolish talk."

"If I could only tell you how much I love you!"

"Think of something new."

"Will you marry me?"

"Well, now we're talking."

Puzzling

An officer home on leave from India brought back a beautiful tiger-skin and proceeded to give a graphic description of the exciting shoot during which he had bagged the fine specimen. The family listened enraptured, with the exception of the youngest son.

"That's all very well," he said suspiciously, at the end of the recital, "but how did you manage to shoot it so flat?"



"—And, er—ek Bandobust—!"

"And what did you learn in Scripture lesson, dear?" asked mother. "Oh, all about the Ten Commandos," replied Tommy.

Brown: Do you know I'm losing my memory. It's worrying me to death.

Jones (sympathetically): Never mind, old man. Forget all about it.

"Is it necessary to send stamps with a manuscript?" wrote a young author.

"More necessary than it is to send a manuscript," replied the worried editor.

Magistrate: What did the constable do when you called him a lobster?

Prisoner: He pinched me.

See Poona And Die

I'd like to go to Poona 'cos I've always understood That unless you've been to Poona Your Biography's no good. You may know the whole of Delhi And the warlike Khyber Pass, You may often fill your belly With hot curry in Madras; You may voyage on the Hooghly Or eat sand in Southern Sind, Or at Firpo's in Calcutta Be perpetually 'fined', You may know the roads of India From Benares to Bombay, You may taste the joys of Jhana! And have fished round Kulu way;

You may think you are experienced And an 'Old Kai hai' to boot As you say you're out on 'Shikhar' Instead of out to shoot. But unless you've been to Poona You've not lived it seems to me. So the sooner I'm in Poona The happier I'll be. Please send me to the Deccan On any kind of job And when I'm old I'll proudly say 'I knew the racing mob In Poona... dear old Poona, Where the Sabhis are really 'Pukka'."

And I'll bore my fellow creatures By describing every 'Chukka' That we didn't play in Poona, And so, when I retire, (Which bad gin should make the sooner.)

I'll have had my Heart's desire; And in some pleasant corner Of a Service Club I'll die, Whispering "When once I was in Poona I was then an 'Old Kai hai'."

Robin Elliott

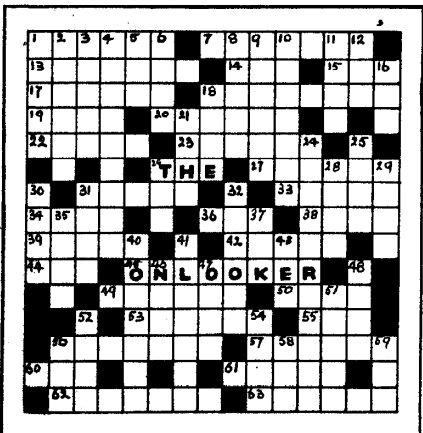
CLUES DOWN :

- Office Assistant perhaps
- Much the same as 29 above
- A foreigner's farewell
- To be primarily a skiffist leads to unapprehension
- American author and poet
- A scattering of guns
- Consider the tree it contains!
- Passenger vessels
- Deprives of sensibility what is more than half dead
- Garden for a statesman?
- Furrow
- River in Scotland
- Insect which sounds cheap at the price
- The top two looks colour on the whole
- Reverentially determined to make an adversary's nose bleed? (3 words)
- Poetically at a distance
- A high explosive, in short
- Mixed food causes terror
- A vehicle led most of it
- Hair in part of the canal
- Gair more than an ear to obtain reward
- Recite in a pitched voice
- Help is wanted in obtaining payment
- Indian or
- Honoured, at dinner, in a dry sort of way?
- The petrel is said to be a bird of this sort (hyphenated word)
- A spelling one is no insect
- Observe the tone it carries!
- Is this mixed soil used for a landscape garden?
- Not a joint for the table
- "DO LIE" (anagram)
- Shelter for cattle
- Asterisk
- Strangely enough, 'a poor fish' seems full of vitality!
- Numbers
- A learned gentleman occupied half a large day

CLUES ACROSS :

- Show temper—perhaps on account of the linkages?
- He "IS OLDER" for fighting
- Warfare
- Kind of bird to make a good dish?
- Time can a payment fall
- "IN EARS" (Anagram)
- "MAN TRIES" to make barrels
- Disappointed
- Achieved first profit
- 7 across often forms them
- When typed it becomes conventional
- Article
- Denies the tobacco?
- The word seems to be mostly ill-corrued.
- Fish and conceal the wild duck
- Problems alone
- How's some for you!
- Food included in the price of your ticket?
- Signifying confusion
- There appears to be an ornamental flag on this drum
- The relative jumped out of their skins
- Obscure
- The kind of clay to get in at last
- Nearly all XI across
- Misrepresented nearly all the vote-men
- Give position to assume?
- "MERRY ST"
- A design impressed, evidently, with the last instrument
- Animal goes back to spell the word
- A vessel directs the hand
- What is awaiting settlement?—The city
- Blank?

"The Onlooker Crossword"



Solution on page 46.



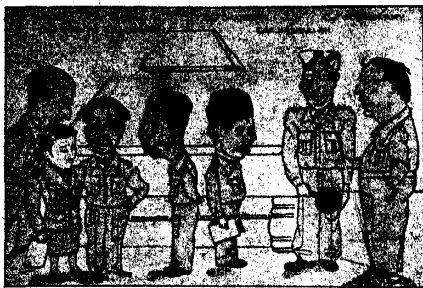
Calcutta Causerie

By "Kha."

THE Bengal Women's Welfare Committee which has taken the place of the former Calcutta Women's War Committee has now got well under way. Mrs. Casey, who already has a first-hand knowledge of women's voluntary services in the Middle East, has become President and in this connection has been very busy visiting dozens of organisations which are linked up with the committee—hospitals too, have been prominent amongst her visits to causeries and Red Cross.

The committee has been formed to co-ordinate the work of all voluntary women's units in Calcutta and Bengal, and to send them voluntary workers when required; and also from the other aspect, to put voluntary workers in touch with work which they might find congenial. Recruitment has been proceeding at the rate of about 8 to 10 a day during the two months it has been running.

Mrs. J. B. Moir is the chairman with Mrs. L. A. Clark, Vice-Chairman. Mrs. Moir is especially at all for South Africa at any moment when Mrs. Clark will take over. The committee is comprised of a representative of all Calcutta voluntary units—Mrs. Clark, A.R.P.; Mrs. M. H. Cox, Bengal Canteen Service; Mrs. N. G. A. Edgley, W.V.M.S.; Mrs. C. H. Fraser and Mrs. O. M. Martin, St. John Ambulance Brigade; Lady Buren Moorjee, Entertainment and Welfare Section for Indian Troops; Mrs. F. Stanley, Liaison, W.V. Ss. 1, Central Committee, New Delhi; Mrs. R. G. Stephen, Hospital Supplies Section, Red Cross; Mrs. C. S. Taylor, Three Services Entertainment Committee; Mrs. D. M. Layton, Red Cross Blood Bank; Miss B. Tiernan, Y.W.C.A. Services Branch;



Officers in an Indian Army Medical Corps Mess.

Mrs. H. G. Waight, Diversions Therapy, Mrs. J. W. Stephen, Welfare for Service Women's Committee; with Mrs. H. Luson as District Secretary and Mr. Roland Oakley and Mrs. O. Jahans, honorary and assistant honorary treasurers and a representative of each provincial district; also Miss Lois Carrell representing the American Red Cross.

At present the body is affiliated to the Women's Voluntary Services India, but it is under consideration that it should become a full branch of that unit and this may be arranged during Lady Wavell's imminent visit to Calcutta. At the first meeting at which Mrs. Casey took the chair she entertained the members of the committee to tea at Government House and gave a most interesting speech on conditions in the Middle East.

Two Canteens

Mobile Canteens are playing an important part in Calcutta and its outlying

districts. The idea originated from some women working in the censor office in 1940 when Mrs. M. H. Cox, now Commandant of the Bengal Canteen Service, with the very able assistance of Mrs. A. L. V. Long and the late Mrs. A. J. Atkins started the organisation with only one van. Now there are five vans and about 50 voluntary workers whose H.Q. is at spacious Burdwan Palace. These women all work very hard, sometimes driving as much as 200 miles in a day to visit outlying gun sites or camps; they reckon that about 5,000 men per week benefit from their activities. The existing committee are Mrs. Long, the organiser; Mrs. Bolton, Mrs. Orchard (both of whom are hoping to go home at any moment), Mrs. Littlejohn, Mrs. Syrett (one of the originators of the idea), Mrs. McLeod, Mrs. Blomeston and Mrs. B. Studd (co-operated). A most important aspect of their work is to meet and see off troop trains and ships.

Mrs. and Mr. R. Suncourt are the moving spirits of one of the most popular canteens in Calcutta—the one at the Continental Hotel. Mrs. Sam Sawday is the energetic honorary treasurer and Padre Alchin is another hard worker; Mr. Jan Valentine, too, helps two evenings a week. Six nights a week there is entertainment of some sort—house, dances, a musical evening on Sundays for which programmes Mrs. Thelma Wilkinson is responsible. A recent concert there had a particularly strong bill with Mr. Ernest Auerbach, Kathleen Morrison and Arnold Duke, Eric Kitchen and Mrs. Freda Blank playing and/or singing.

Two Weddings

Mrs. Patricia Graham (Jr.), Commander "Tuppence" Graham W. A. C. (I), was recently married. Lt. Colonel Hugh Gillies, R.A. in the St. Paul's Cathedral Chapel. The bride wore a long-sleeved gown of white and silver brocade with real orange blossom in her tulle veil and carried a bouquet of carnations and orchids. She was attended by Miss Sally-Rose Warner and Miss Richard Warner.

Col. and Mrs. Graham were in Calcutta for their daughter's wedding day which was also the Colonel's birthday. Mr. and Mrs. George Keut, who had their lovely garden for the reception and Mr. Kern prepared the health of the newly-wedded pair. Colonel Foulkes was bestman. Amongst the guests were H.H. Mahabadi of Burdwan, Wing Commander Nicholson V.C. and a sprinkling of W.A.C. (I) officers and auxiliaries in uniform.

Col. Gillies is at present stationed elsewhere, so they will not be returning to Calcutta.

A week later Miss Sheila Gregory, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Eric Gregory, who married to F/O. J. R. Reid in St. Paul's Cathedral. In a gown of emerald satin brocade, her veil was of white tulle, and her hair and a lovely diamond clip. Mrs. Gregory looked quite delightful. She carried a bouquet of white carnations and a small bunch of green

asparagus fern and tied with a big tulle bow. Miss Bodley, the Royal Canadian Air Force was bestman, and Miss June Simpson, wearing a green frock and carrying a bunch of sweet peas, bridesmaid.

The large reception of nearly 200 guests was held at the Calcutta Club. Mr. A. E. Wood proposed the health of the bride and bridesmaids who were wearing cake as adorned with white acornettes. The bride left in a white shawlakin suit and tiny hat.

The Rev. G. T. Rogers performed both ceremonies.

Welcome Visitors

Sir Basil Gould—British Resident in Sikkim—has been staying with the Douglas Wilmeres. Pip Price, here on a fleeting visit, managed to fit in an afternoon at the bars and an evening at the Saturday Club. Little "P" on his return from Chumking was also at the races one day. Ted Richardson was in Calcutta again for a few days as a member of the Madras cricket team for the semi-final of the Ranji Trophy against Bengal; everyone on the bench, however, was not so comfortably Bengal won, captained by H.H. Mahabadi of Cochin Behar.

Dr. Mrs. I. Vajifair, Mr. O. Jahans and Mrs. Peacock, who are now attached to the Women's Section A.R.P., have received the Governor's Medalion for Loyalty Service.

Paperchasing

The paperchase season which is now (with the exception of the Paperchase Cup and A.L.H. "Chase") over has been a rattling hot one. It is not possible to go back to last month's account; the 6th Chase was a delightful course set by Mr. W. H. Barker, the 7th for which a very large field faced the starter "after the first mile" so to Patsy Warren took the lead closely followed by Mrs. Footitt and Mr. A. H. Hartley. The 8th Chase, Mr. Farmer came into the running and eventually beat Mrs. Footitt by a short head. The 9th course laid by Colonel Barker was a very nice one, and a smaller field, Patsy's "Claremont", Mrs. Footitt's "Silent Dave" and Mr. G. Clarke's "Adolph" were all late after the previous week. Tanner, Hartley, C. B. Bell and Rabher were prominent throughout, Tanner winning by a couple of lengths from Hartley.

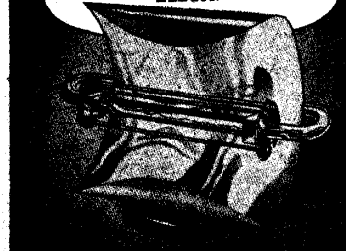
The last two Chases were near the Country Club; the first of them laid by Red Mac gave the spectators a long walk and nothing much to see; the going was dampish and the litchy phenomenal. Mr. Foster led for a long way followed by Mr. M. H. Brown, much to his surprise, whose new "Swazi" was showing what he could do. Tanner again won a close finish with Hartley a length behind. This won Arthur Hartley the Average Cup; he and his "Swazi" II having placed every week so one could catch them up.

Another casualty in Chiswell-Jones' little "Springs" retired the grey one still further for the last 'chase which Mr. Sandys Lumsdenate over very dightly country. Fonce and Brown were again away from seven jumps and two mud roads in full view of the spectators. After a long walk occasioned by the lack of a "Dinner" season appeared, took the last two jumps and finished in that order. Some time later came four more, including Mr. Dennis Caswell's "Heavenly" who was the Average Cup winner. The rest of the field came in dribbles; obviously a great deal of trouble had been overcome. Farmer, who had been "chasing" this season and, only to find that "Visen" was very badly cut. There is no doubt that the particular type of ditch we find in the Chasing country is hard on horses whose legs are not so sound as they were. With five of this year's front runners casualties perhaps the primary object of course makers next year may be to make courses which are kind to dicky legs.

It was good to see Harold Price back in the saddle on the last day, even though going slowly; Mrs. Hartley, too, was round amongst the not quite so fast; and Sy. Ld. Mervyn Thomas—one of our former theurists—was mounted on a good-looking grey.

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Jodhpur Jottings

By "Jodhpurina."

THOUGH the auspicious hour chosen was 2.30 of a Sunday afternoon in March, a lot of distinguished guests were present in the Durbar School Hall to witness the opening ceremony of Red Cross Week, performed by the Maharaj Kumar. The first item of the week was a fete at Jawant College, but the most noticeable feature so far is all the best-looking young women in the place in Red Cross uniform, invading offices and messes with flags to sell. Our American allies are helping the War Effort by decorating their jeeps and driving some of the flag sellers round the station; though maybe driving Dumstly Goldsaw and Joann Duncan and all around is not such an effort at that.

Joanna came back from Bombay to take part in the ENSA production of 'Private Lives', with Doreen Lawrence, and Richard Caldicott and Phillip Ashley, who were both seconded from the Army. It was nice to see a play instead of a movie for a change and nice to have such charming visitors from the outside world. Col. Williams organised a Club dance in their honour and it certainly was a good one.

Sgt./Leader Howard Rice from Simla was there and Major Delgamo from Delhi and Joyce Wornstan, staying with the Rawlins. She is Guy's cousin and her husband is in the Intelligence School in Karachi. As this ENSA company is temporarily withdrawn from circulation, Joanna is staying on with father, to his delight and that of all of us who know her; including the United Nations forces!

Distinguished Visitors

A number of distinguished Indian visitors at the hotel: Maharaj Man Singh of Jhar and Rajil Sahib Uday Singh of Patan and Maharaj Sri Pratap Singh of Jannagar with Captain Keari Singh. And our old friend Rao Rajah Althey Singh, now on Lord Louis Mountbatten's staff, home from the front for a few days, just in time for the Holi festivities. His own house here was given over to R.A.F. for the officers' mess, but they have outgrown it and recently been given Ratana Palace, where they will have a lovely garden to amehome the hot weather.

Althey Singh, who has his lawful occasions passed by just in time for a big farewell dinner at Chhatra Palace, which His Highness gave as a farewell to W. George, retired after 31 years on the Jodhpur Railway. When he joined it was the Jodhpur-Bikaner Railway and most of his service was in Bikaner, till he came to Jodhpur in 1926 as Manager of the newly-separated Jodhpur Railway, bringing with him the nickname of 'Stuffy', by which he is known throughout India, as golf clubs and bridge tables as well as at more earnest conferences. In the last War he joined the R.F.C. and was awarded the Croix de Guerre and the O.B.E. (Military Division). In 1936 he received the C.I.E. The last few weeks have seen many farewell parties for him, as well as the place one, a notably dinner, given him by all his officers. His main pastime was golf; if the game can ever be a mere pastime! He was a really a very fine handicapper. (Not sure about Iain Wotherspoon, but he's gone to the War), and instead of repining for the green courses of Calcutta, was content to toil nightly round our sandy fairways. Before leaving he won the Bera Cup from P/O John Lambert and, with Bill Powell, defeated Fritz Sirel and Brian Mahon in the finals of the Ratana match foursomes. He is expected shortly to sail for England, when his mantle descends upon Ceyl Rawlins.

Another visitor from Simla was Col. R. T. Harrison and, back from Bombay, is Mr. S. Norblin working on another beautiful mural in Chhatra Palace. In connection with the interior decoration of the Palace, Mr. Walter George has been over from Delhi and Mrs. George is staying here. Nancy Bishop came down from Lahore to pack up her belongings. They have been lucky enough to get a house there, instead of having to live in a hotel. 'Bish' is now a Wing/Commander.

A Hollywood Setting
Beryl Riggs took lunch up to school in Naini, but was back in time to help the Red Cross Week. Sir Donald Field is still away, but Lady Field is here, very busy with Red Cross, but finding time still to give some of her lovely out-of-door lunch parties. Last Sunday's was a return for the delightful party the Americans gave us in their Mess recently. Coloured umbrellas and tablecloths, flowers and lawns and all were an almost Hollywood setting. Carmen lent the garden for a big Red Cross Rally last week. It must be very encouraging to Eileen Simpson to see how the movement has progressed under her Commissioner-ship. Her hard work, sympathy and enthusiasm have certainly produced results which are contagious, since she now has several able assistants.

At the Road House, Garton, the Weekly Brains Trust Quiz, run by the Rev. James Glennie and Pte./Lt. Ken Howard, is immensely popular. The men have also started a Hindustani class, which functions there twice a week or so, with a school-master to teach them. Anne Warren is still in charge of the Branch House, contending with the increasing difficulties of sugar and such. But her difficulties are less than those of Major Steel, now in charge of Price Control Rationing!

Did we say that Molly Mahon won the Maharaj Dhirs? Aje Singh Cup for Medal round!

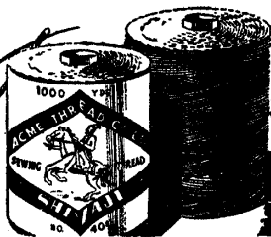
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STOCKIST'S APPLICATIONS INVITED

Nilgiri Nibblings

By "TheToda"

THE high spot of this month has been the Pet Show, organized on behalf of the Prisoners of War Relatives' Association by the secretary, Mrs. B. Duncan and Mrs. Thomas in aid of our Prisoners. Both prizes for "Best Conditioned Smooth-Haired Dog" were won by Duchsunds, Miss Barry's Gray's "Fram" beating Miss Philippe Duncan's "Joker." This might have given rise to uneasiness in patriotic British breasts had one not known they were all officially naturalized. However, the winner of the "Best Conditioned Long-Haired Dog" was sufficiently British to satisfy the most carping of us, Miss Dor Wapthar's English Setter "Maggie." The second prize in this event went to Felicity Purnea's little dog, which later came first in the "Nicest Child's Dog" class, "Perry." George Miller's Cockbreder, coming second. "Perry" distinguished himself by also winning two first prizes "Best Trained" and the 6th Dog Race.

The first race of the day, "The Sausage Race," obviously for Duchsunds only, caused much amusement, the winner being Deirdre Kelly's "Rudie" with Louisa Craddock's "Zina" a close second. This overrated Nani shows her patriotism by refusing to touch her food until told that it is British. The idea of making the prize for this event fresh sausages was not well received by the participants who seemed to detect in the suggestion some slur on their origin or possible destination.

Stopped To Wag Tail

There was an amusing and unexpected finish to the 5th race, Mrs. Hill's Bull-terrier "Dinbo" had the race well in hand when he spotted his owner

at the winning post and his face breaking into a broad grin of delighted recognition he stopped to wag his tail, thus letting Timma's "Jimmie" (of no definite breed) break past him into first place. Mrs. Pardey's cat was voted the best in the one and only cat event, with Miss Guthrie's second. The independent creature of Miss Scott, however, had decided for himself before the event that he was so obviously the nicest that he was not waiting for the official judgment, so he stalked off on business of his own, and, unfortunately, has not yet returned.

The first of the many horse events was a most attractive class. It was for the most promising young pony, under four years old, bred in the Nilgiris. There were some irresistible foals and we would like to have given prizes to all of them, but there was only one and it was awarded to Miss Barry Gray's "Mischief." "Best Conditioned Child's Pony" was Master B. Duncan's "Robin Grey," with Miss Guthrie's "Lady Jane Grey" second. Grey seems to have been the lucky colour of the day, as "Lady Jane Grey" also won "Best Child's Pony" between 13th and 14th with Miss Barry Gray as rider, and Capt. Prosser Evans' "Duncan Grey" won the event for "Best Conditioned Horse," Miss Joan Platts' "Brunette" coming second. "Brunette" also came first in the "Hack" class, ridden by her owner, with Major West's "Tony," ridden by Mrs. Miller, second. There were so many entries for the "Best Child's Pony" under 13th ridden by a child under 15, that this class had to be divided into two sections—riders under nine years old; and over. The first was won by "Dilawar" with Brian Kelly riding; and the second by Miss

K. Paton's "Honey Pot," owner up. There was a special prize for the best child rider of the day, and the standard was so high that it was very difficult to come to a decision. After careful deliberation the judges awarded the prize to Miss Amanda Paton, who well deserved it, riding her lively little pony "Tita." Crystal Webb on "Heather Bell" was a close second.

Two Good Mixers

The hard-working Committee, who are to be congratulated on making nearly Rs. 100 for the cause, consisted of Mrs. Duncan, Mrs. Thomas, Mr. J. F. Small, M.P.H., Mr. B. A. C. Neville, C.I.E., and Mr. A. M. Robertson, M.C.,

C.I.E. The judges were Hon. Mrs. Brooke, Mrs. Bray, Mrs. Saunders, Mrs. Burbury, Mr. Harlowe Irwin, Mr. Macqueen, Mr. Keene, Major Griffin and Mr. V. S. Williams. Mrs. Crombie, wife of the Collector of the Nilgiris, gave away the prizes. Mrs. Stanfield's old mare, "Dinny," about 25 years old, was so hurt at not being entered for any event in the Pet Show, that her owner, the following day, gave her a chance of claiming her share of the limelight by riding her into and out off the bar at the Golf Club amidst cheers, and then, to even hearier applause, down the dozen or so steps into the road and back again. What must she have been like in her girlhood? The mare!

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My Shooting Autobiography

(Continued from page 23)

knowledge of the subject at that time. Wassmass, that was his name, would rig up a couple of poles with a wire attached, apparently as an aerial, and with another wire connected therefrom to his typewriter. He would then tap away for some time in the presence of some local notable, listening in for long periods with great apparent interest. He would then announce that he had been in communication with Berlin and that the All Highest had been pleased to award the Iron Cross to the particular gullible individual who was then acting as his audience. Mingled with his congratulations would be inserted a subtle suggestion that the customary thing on such an auspicious occasion was a suitably large donation, a hint which, it was said, the gratified recipient of a fictitious decoration seldom failed to take! However, in the end his house of cards, so carefully erected, crashed about his ears.

Some few weeks after our arrival, we moved up the line to join the Striking Force, I, as usual, on the lookout for game! Doves once again were all that I bagged until we arrived at Baliki,

the last camp before striking into the hills. At Baliki there was a delightful little river in which we had some cool and refreshing bathing. Beyond the river there was a thicket which seemed to hold the promise of snipe. We were not supposed to venture out so far but the temptation was too great and on one occasion I went across accompanied by my fine young Punjabi orderly, a handsome young Awan from the Shahpur district, Fatch Khan by name. Snipe began to get up and I pushed on into the centre of the thicket. There a bird got up and I fired and missed and then from a few hundred yards of someone fired at me and missed also! We heard the report and a bullet splashed into the water a couple of yards away from us. Looking in the direction from which the sound had come, we saw a man hastily mounting a horse. As soon as he was in the saddle he made off as fast as the horse could gallop and very soon disappeared in the distance, which was just as well as we would have been at rather a disadvantage to say the least pitting No. 8's against a rifle!

We got much better shooting as we got higher up into the hills. Chikor and *etc.* were found in abundance and, once the fighting was over and things had settled down, we were able to get out for some very pleasant little shoots. I remember my delight when on a

Tiger Shooting In Indian Forests

(Continued from page 23)

and actually closed my eyes and tasted the heat came steadily closer. A slight noise made by dry leaves to my right suddenly made me conscious of my surroundings and I stood up taking my D.B.B.L. Rifle.

To my great surprise I saw a big tiger crossing the *mulia* about 25 or 30

certain occasion I bagged more birds than our Quarter Master, Captain L. W. Middleton, who, although he was suffering from cancer and was almost blind of one eye, was still a very much finer shot than I was at the time. Middleton was a planter who owned a big tea estate in Assam and had joined up as a volunteer for every war including the Boer war. He had an imposing string of medals which we all admired, we ourselves being very bare of breast at that time! Middleton, as so many really fine shots are, was very encouraging and generous towards the young idea and when our Colonel, the famous "Berrie" Halsberg, said to him pointedly "Well, young Middleton has wiped your eye this time!" he laughed with complete good humour and replied "He certainly has, sir!"

yards away from where I was, going *secreely* towards the direction of the heat. It had stood about 15 yards away to my right probably watching me and possibly was now disturbed by the shouts of the beaters coming closer. I, raising my rifle to the shoulder, took aim a length ahead of the tiger and fired at the running beast, letting go both barrels in the excitement.

The tiger rushed past roaring and soon disappeared in the thick scrub. On arrival of the beaters I related to them what had happened and the head shikari, a fine old man of 60, soon spotted the pug marks left on the ground. Following these a few yards ahead we came on blood-stained leaves and droppings which grew in size as the tiger had gone on. Evidently the tiger was desperately wounded and it was very dangerous to follow him like this. I warned all the men and we formed a small circle, with myself, my orderly and the shikari each with a rifle ready to fire with finger on the trigger. As we approached a second thicker a deep growl sounded from under a big bush and we caught a glimpse of the tiger moving off again. We therefore decided to leave his tracks that afternoon and very wisely so. He was found dead the next day about 500 yards from where we had left off, partly hidden in tall grass and dry leaves. He measured 9 ft. 8 inches.



a fine coffee

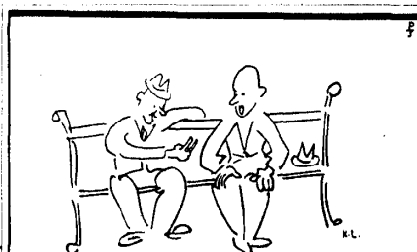
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Cool Coonoor

By "Coolly"

MR. and Mrs. Huggins were At Home to their friends in the Coonoor Club at the end of February. It was a distinctly enjoyable evening, and I contacted lots of people I hadn't seen for many a day. There was Kitty Brommen, from Burma, with her brown hair and blue eyes, in red and black; Jack Small, in from the wilds; Hilda Harwood, who is so busy these days running 'Dunmore' Officers' Hostel, in black with gold embroidery; Charlia Ellery, with an alluring hair-style, which I suggested she should hang on to for ever—it was so delightful. Mrs. Webb wore a graceful black velvet dress, whilst Mrs. Briscoe was in black lace.

Cat Lyngere was as full of spirits as ever, as he told the story of his life to Mary O'Regan and Clarice Willoughby Grant—the latter garbed in a frock of the Victorian persuasion—which I rather envied. Mrs. Hill, whose husband is Professor of English at Patna University, was in multicoloured chiffon. I saw her with lovely Phyl Staines, who is always so attractive in black. Mrs. Lee-Hart in beige lace was with Mildred Porter, wearing an original frock of sequinned net; a necklace of zirconia and diamonds added to the charming effect. Charlotte Murphy, in a graceful mauve gown, tells me she is to marry Tom Pierce at the end of April. Catherine Burcher in multicoloured crepe was with Maizie Wood, in a pretty gold and green frock. My friend, Katherine Pryde wore blue, with black coat. Ellen Watkins, just returned from Bombay, was wearing a graceful ring velvet gown of russet: Mrs. Bennett and her daughter were with Capt. Reddish, and I had a word with Francis Cooke. Mrs. Huggins in black with golden sequin motifs, was an admirable hostess, as was Harold Huggins an admirable host.

Cooler Kotagiri

Farewell, Farewell, my dear old Tote Said Sydenham (the Host). Mr. Sydenham-Clarke, grand old Nilgiri planter, gave a most entertaining farewell party to about 100 friends at 'Rob Roy' Estate, on the eve of his departure for colder climes. Our host, who has the Peter Pan quality of eternal youthfulness, received his guests at the foot of the terrace overlooking the tennis court. He was assisted by his charming daughter-in-law, Avril.

From a most cunning bowen of sweet peas, servants emerged laden with trays, and soon the guests were talking animatedly over the tea-cups, prior to playing tennis, bridge, badminton and deck-tennis.

Amongst the badminton players were Gwen Knight, in gold and brown; her sister, Luia Erskine, in beige, wielded a merry racquet; lovely Ruth Jones was in dark green crepe de chine; Joyce Elliot, her fair hair a-curl, was in navy, and golden-haired Cynthia Voelcker in a becoming shade of mauve.

Sitting around on the lawn, I noticed Mrs. Moore talking to Mrs. Gill; pretty Laurie Smiles in a grey tailor-made was at a table with Bill Auton, Eva Milne Henderson and Mrs. Ross. Mrs. Winterham, in yellow, was discussing High Finance with Marcia Marindin, who tells me she knows nothing about it; Eluned Lewis of the lovely complexion was in a blue and white pleated crepe de chine. I congratulated her on the visit of the stork to her door about two months ago, when he deposited two delightful boys, both answering (in yellow) to Welsh names, which I find as difficult to spell as to pronounce; Nancy Mortimore was in emerald green and pretty Pat Birt, wearing an attractive frock of delphinium blue, has eyes surprisingly brown: Vivien Henshaw-Smith was in an unusual shade of mauve, which accentuated her creamy skin and bright eyes; she was



talking to Jany Tuckett, a merry soul, in navy and white: Mrs. Jack Elliot in *hais de rose* was at a table with the Collector of the Nilgiris and Philipina Smith—both ladies talking about gardens to Mr. Crombie, who is a great authority. Joyce Goppper looked well in grey and Mrs. Harnack, who has a great dress sense, was smart in dusty pink and navy. Maizie Barrows, in a multicoloured crepe, had a lot to tell me of her visit to Bangalore.

On the tennis court, blonde Margaret Yates, Joy Longhurst, Sally Bourne and Avril Sydenham-Clarke leapt about like fauns in the sunshine, and, later, Col. O'Brien, Jack White (the Rev.) Messrs. Anderson and Headnell demonstrated that a man is as young as he feels.

When I entered the Paradise of the young, smart Bridge Players, only Mrs. Herbert Longhurst smiled at my intrusion!! Jean Shaw, dark-haired, was in navy and white; Edith Turpin, a charming Dane, of truly Nordic colouring, wore reseda green; brown-haired Daphne Dalton was in an attractive brown and pink ensemble; Olga Macdonald was a dainty figure in cyclamen; Mrs. Bhas looked nice in a smart black tailor-made and Carola Shaw an airy blue ensemble. I noticed how very attractive was Helen d'Aprie's new hairdressing style; Margaret Beecher in mauve and blue was with Ve Palin, back from Madras, wearing blue crepe-de-chine under a navy coat; Mrs. Wright was, as always, smart in black, and Mrs. Stevens wore blue and white. The only hat I encountered that afternoon was that of Olga Way's—on which a red, red robin, might be said to be 'bob, bob, bobbin' along.

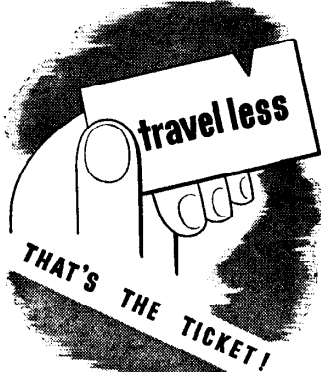
Captain Milne Henderson, with Messrs. Winterbottom and Ross, stood admiring the prowess of the tennis players—although they seemed to be discussing golf most of the time. On Mrs. Ross's shoulders the mantle of Mr. Sydenham-Clarke will fall, till his return, which she threatens to do in a year's time.

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A happy house party at Primrose House, Ootacamund. In the group from L. to R. are:—(FRONT ROW) L. H. Alexander, I.A.O.C., Lt. G. Evans, R.N., Capt. Phillips, E. Lanch and J. L. Cumming, I.E. (SECOND ROW) Capt. P. Roger, R.A., Mrs. G. Stewart-Gratton, Major Wilmut, R.I.A.S.C., Lt. E. Watling, R.A., Lt. K. Stacey, R.A., Mrs. M. McKay, Major G. Stewart-Gratton, C.G., and Capt. Burnett, R.A. (STANDING) Capt. Bonister, R.A., Lt. K. N. Pope, R.A., Capt. Muslow, I.A.O.C., and Lt. H. S. Hulme, R.A.



Apart from the dire discomfort of wartime rail travel—apart from overcrowding, from bedding-rolls spread on dusty floors and from lack of restaurant cars—passenger travel does actually slow down the war. It does hold up the movement of vital munitions, the transportation of troops and the distribution of civil supplies. And these tasks must have absolute priority.

Our travel facilities are still remarkably good, considering the strain on the Railways. But we must use them sparingly. Only essential journeys are warranted. Be strict on this point, and if you must travel by rail, travel light.



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Special's Pages:

The Beauty of India Fabrics

(Continued from page 31)

The fabric known as *patola* (which originally came from Patan and was, it is said, included in the trousseau of every bride hailing from those parts) is, judging from the rare specimens one sees these days, so incredibly beautiful that it seems a crime to have allowed its manufacture to die out. In this material each thread is dyed individually in his in green, red or yellow as the pattern requires and then woven into a design with the result that its outlines are not sharply defined and produce a beautifully soft and hazy effect.

The peasant embroideries of Cutch in their lovely vivid colourings—magenta and orange, purple and bright green look lovely as *pallo* on dark saris and also as borders. The snug, about *tambhoi* and the stiffer kind of Benares sari is that one has to be tall and slender to carry it off too, although these absolutely essential preliminaries, the beauty of both when worn is outstanding and superb.

Kathiawar Designs

Then there are the delightful, flimsy, hand-printed saris in dotted designs

which come from Kathiawar and are so acceptable even in the cotton varieties. They are very becoming especially when coupled with a choli, Delhi shoes, Indian jewellery and flowers in the hair and can be successfully worn by almost any woman, unlike the Madras ones with their wide borders woven in vividly contrasting shades which are suited to a special dusky-complexioned type and look quite wrong on others.

From each of its far-flung corners this country produces artistic and lovely materials which embody the genius of her people for colour and design. It is the duty of every intelligent woman who lays claim to any sort of aesthetic perception to see that this loveliness is fostered for the benefit of humanity and of the generations to come.

Mutton Dressed as Lamb

(Continued from page 31)

just covered with water; meanwhile boil your beans, and brown the remaining onion separately in another pan with the butter. When the meat is tender add the

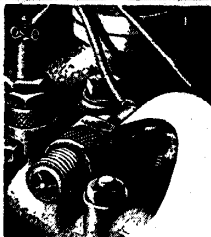
chilli powder, and ten minutes before serving the dish, add the beans and browned onion. If you like sour milk curds, and have any by you, try eating it with this dish—it's excellent.

Corned Chicken

Simmer the neck and leg and wing joints (ends) of a chicken to make a little soup, adding a pinch of salt. Boil three heads of Indian corn, and scrape off the grains when nearly cooked. Wash and joint your chicken, and saute it in two tablespoons butter, margarine or salad oil, together with two sliced onions; gradually add your soup to the contents of the pan, lastly the corn, and cook all together for ten minutes.

Sausage Pie

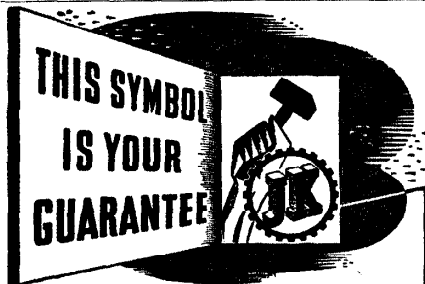
Even those famous ration sausages taste different if you cook them this way! Line a pie-dish with shortcrust; fry the sausages (tinned sausages should always be turned out of the tin and fried, and never heated in the tin—exposed to the air they lose some of their characteristic flavour, and become very palatable!); slice them in half lengthways, and cover the piecrust with them; make some apple sauce, as for pork, and spread a thin layer over the sausage; dot with butter and sprinkle with bread-crumbs; bake it, and serve it either hot or cold.



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BANK OF BARODA BUILDING, APOLLO STREET,

BOMBAY

From The Editor's Bookshelf:

"Tikkity Boo"

THIS collection of charming stories, in "Tikkity Boo," by "Jorjita," and illustrated by May Dart (Thacker, Rs. 7-14) some of them founded on fact, some on legend, others upon flights of fancy, and all of them illustrated with imagination and originality, is one of Thacker's most successful ventures into the realm of children's fiction.

There is a legend of Elipheze, in which tradition and fact are happily mingled; a story about Dr. de Guecia, whose house in Bombay was built where the Mint now stands; another of Nuthia and Enoch; and some where fantasy and nature are pleasantly and gaily woven into an ingenious pattern.

Nearly every story has a gendy-pointed moral, and children are held by

the narrative as well as by the illustrations, of which, both line drawings and colour plates, there are many, all executed with May Dart's well-known, light, yet meticulous touch.

A few of the phrases, for instance "blissful intoxication" and "such beauty overawed him with adoration," are above the average child's head, and there are some careless grammatical errors, but these fade into insignificance beside the charm and loving care that have obviously been poured into the volume. Any child would be delighted to receive this record of the doing of the Tikkities.

S. R.

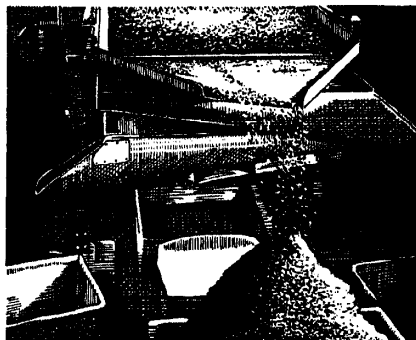
The Ideal Present:

The "Onlooker" Book of Verse

See full details in advertisement on page 50.



The Story of Tea No. 6



Tea leaves on the sifting machine.

MACHINE STAGE

When drying, or "firing" has sealed the characteristic flavour in the leaves, the tea is ready for sifting and sorting.

All stalks and foreign matter are removed before the tea reaches the sifting and sorting machine; here a multitude of sieves and meshes automatically separate the larger from the smaller leaves.

The various grades thus obtained, are now packed into separate chests, ready for the next stage in their journey. Careful handling and rapid distribution ensures our tea reaching you fragrant and fresh.

Brooke Bond

W

HAT a lot it will

cost you to replace those lovely things you bought when fabrics were less expensive!

And what a lot of wear you deserve from the pretty things you are buying now—at present prices!

Yes, these are times to take very special care of all your clothes—they must be made to last. So cut out all dhobi-risks, cut out undissolved-soap risks (inseparable from the use of ordinary soaps), and give all your washables safe Lux-care—at home. It's a good thing there's no shortage of Lux.

**GIVE IT
Lux-care
AND MAKE
IT LAST!**

care is no trouble

Make a generous lather with Lux and cold water. Squeeze and squeeze your pretty garments in the rich active suds. Don't rub. Then rinse thoroughly in clear water—2 or 3 changes; and squeeze out the moisture by rolling lightly in a bath towel (don't twist, don't wring). Now, when they've been nicely ironed, your pretty things will be like new again—fresh, bright, and not a thread of them harmed.

WARNING! Before washing any coloured fabric fast a small piece of it in plain water. If the colour "runs" the fabric is unwashable. A slight colouring of the water may indicate only "new" dye.

LUX

LUX CARE LENGTHENS THE LIFE OF LOVELY FABRICS

FOR
UNSOLICITED GOOD GIFTS
TO THE
UNITED KINGDOM
AND
STANDARD PARCELS
CONNECTION BY CIGARETTES
Etc. TO MEMBERS OF THE
FORCES ON ACTIVE SERVICE
in varying amounts with the
present regulations and at inclusive
per cent. in mail

BARNETTS
Confectioners
ALLAHABAD

The "Onlooker" Book Of Verse

YOU have laughed over the verses which appear in the "Onlooker" each month. They have entertained you because they have reflected in an amusing way the life we all live in India, our club life, our servants, our friends, our shikar, our huntin' shootin' and fishin', and so on. You will be interested to know that many of these verses have been put together in a handsome volume bound in "Onlooker" red, which is ready to be sent to you by post at a cost of Rs. 12/8/- plus bank exchange. Your friends would love to see it. All you have to do in order to send The "Onlooker" Book of Verse as a present to your friends anywhere is to forward to A. MacRae & Co., Ltd., United India Building, Sir Pharoosh Mahla Road, Bombay, your order and cheque with your address or the address to which the book has to be sent. And remember, it makes a marvellous present

Bridge Solution

Problem on page 47.

Dummy takes the first trick and leads out trumps after which Sam enters his hand with the Ace of Hearts and draws Jack's last trump dummy discarding a Club. Now the King of Hearts and the Ace of Diamonds are led.

The low Diamond follows and the 10 is finessed. When this holds, dummy reads the knave of Hearts and Sam discards the King of Diamond. Jill wins the trick, but must return a Heart or a Diamond to dummy's winners on which Sam discards his losing Clubs.

GINKS*

*The present fashion for economy encourages us to coin this word, a ver the multitude of drinks (long and short) of which Gin is the basis.

Restrictions imposed upon us by War Conditions need not affect the time honoured custom of the East. Come round to drinks.

A bottle of Carew's Dry Gin some lime juice, sugar bitters and soda water will provide a wide variety of drinks to suit the taste of the most fastidious.

If you want to make your bottle go further, provide some vermouths and you can add a wider range.

If you number any gin connoisseurs amongst your guests we suggest that you invest in a second bottle of Carew's Dry Gin for they will want to enjoy its full flavour (which has not varied for 12 years) with a dash of bitters and some ice, possibly they will prefer a long drink of gin and tonic water with a slice of lemon.

1 LIME GIMLET Same as Orange Gimlet but add a few drops of Angostura bitters and use lime cordial instead of orange crush.

JOHN COLLINS Into a long glass put a generous tea spoonful of sugar, four or five drops of Angostura bitters, a dash of Carew's Dry Gin and a peg of fresh lime juice. Stir well and fill up with cold soda and some ice.

2 MARTINI COCKTAIL For two. Pour into a tumbler half filled with ice one cocktail glass of Carew's Dry Gin and one cocktail glass of French style vermouth. Strain into cocktail glasses, squeeze a lime skin over the glasses and serve with an olive.

GIN & IT Fill a cocktail glass three quarters with Carew's Dry Gin and one quarter Italian style vermouth.

Empty bottles must be returned from whence they came before a fresh stock of Carew's can be supplied to you.

Either your dealer or Messrs Lyall Marshall & Co., 4 Fairlie Place Calcutta will pay you As /4/- per bottle Rs 3/- per dozen bottles and Rs 3/8/- with case.

CAREW'S

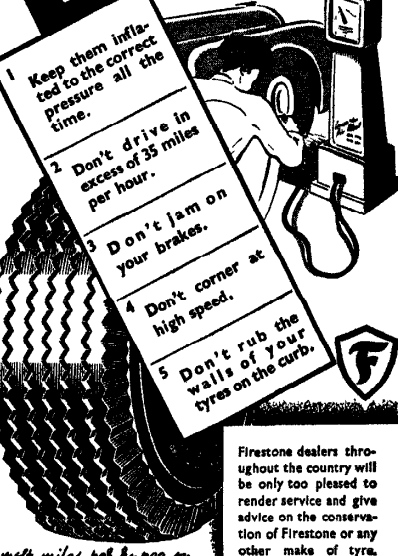
DRY GIN

MANUFACTURED & BOTTLED
BY CAREW & CO. LTD.
PRODUCE OF INDIA

THE ESTABLISHED FAVOURITE FOR OVER 12 YEARS

CC 308

OBSERVE THESE
SIMPLE RULES
TO PROLONG THE
LIFE OF YOUR TYRES



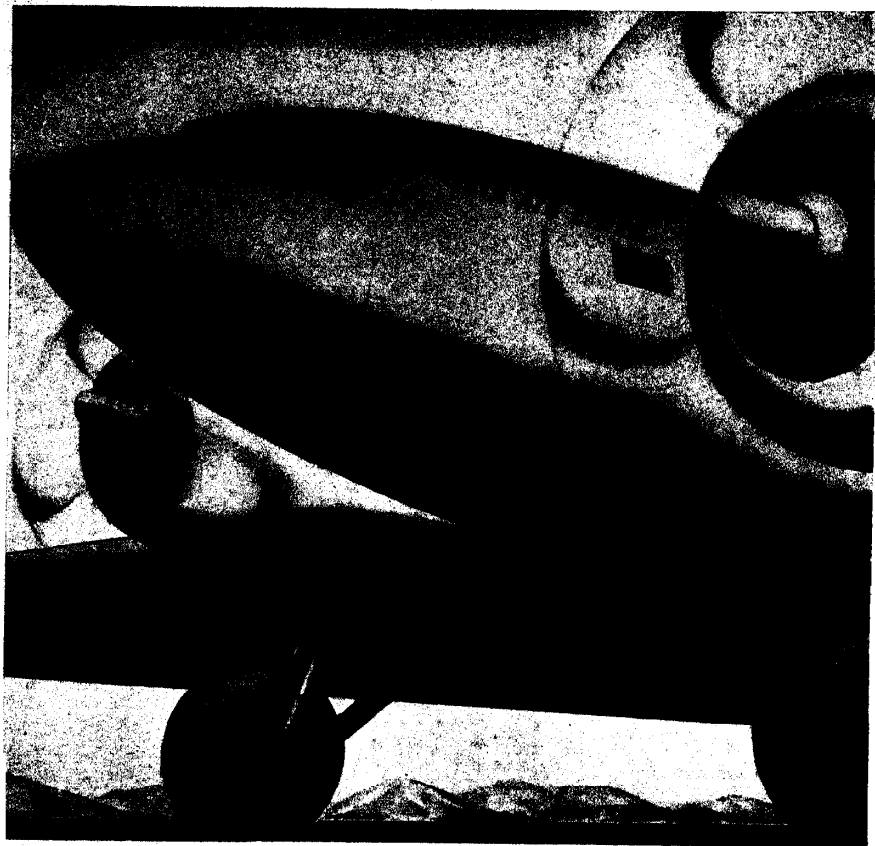
Firestone dealers throughout the country will be only too pleased to render service and give advice on the conservation of Firestone or any other make of tyre.

most miles per rupee on -

Firestone

SAFETY-LOCK GUM DIPPED CORD
DELUXE CHAMPIONS

FIRESTONE TYRE & RUBBER CO. OF INDIA LTD.
Head Office & Factory: BOMBAY.
District Office: BOMBAY, CALCUTTA, COLOMBO, DELHI, LAHORE, MADRAS.



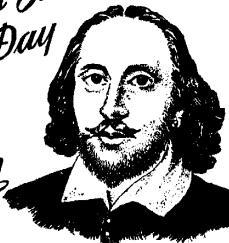
In the great post-war era of commercial and industrial development in India—development in which civil aviation will prove a major governing factor—Tata Air Lines will devote to the country's civilian needs a service still faster, still better-equipped, richer in peace by experience gained in war.

Times have changed !



TIME-KEEPERS

in Shakespeare's Day



Shakespeare saw the early beginnings of the watch. There were no screws then and watch movements were put together with pins and rivets. Gear cutting was clumsily done by hand. Brails was used for the balance spring.

& present day



The EXTRA "F"

16-ct. Solid Gold, Heavy Case — Rs. 280



The EXTRA "H"

18-ct. Solid Gold, Heavy Case — Rs. 345

As timekeepers, the watches of the 15th Century were not very effective. The cases, however, though large were ornate and often of remarkable workmanship. To-day watches consume the thought and study, care and patience, skill and inventive genius of 400 years. WEST END watches combine all that is best from past and present achievement.

Send for FREE Catalogue.

Due to irregular arrivals, it may not be possible to supply all the watches advertised, but every effort will be made to execute orders as far as our stocks permit us to do so.

West End Watch Co

Bombay — Calcutta



Uniform
LOVELINESS

Thank goodness for the many lovely faces to be seen, whose beauty Iclima has been keeping fresh since their owners left the school-room. And it won't be long, we hope, before these soft skins and clear complexions will enjoy the constant protection of Iclima again.

Iclima

VANISHING CREAM • COLD CREAM
FACE POWDER • ROUGE CREAM

ALWAYS IN SPARKLING CONDITION-

thanks to this simple care



You will never realize how cheery and companionable your dog can be unless you help him to keep fit. Regular conditioning with my Condition Powders is the one sure way to fitness and good spirits.

Bob Martin

PURE BLOOD IS ESSENTIAL
Your dog's whole system depends on the purity of his bloodstream for correct functioning. But a 'domesticated' diet causes impurities to accumulate in his blood. These must be corrected if your dog is to enjoy real health. That is why regular conditioning with Bob Martin's Condition Powders is so necessary.

These famous powders replace the natural blood correctives which the primitive dog found in certain raw wild grasses and herbs. Given regularly they will lift your dog to new level of sparkling fitness. Start conditioning now!

FREE. Write to The Representative, Bob Martin (Export) Ltd., Dept. P.O. Box 18, Bombay, for the copy of Bob Martin's Dog Book and free packet of Bob Martin's Condition Powders.



BOB MARTIN'S
Condition Powders
KEEP DOGS ALWAYS FIT



LOOSE COAT :

IT'S CAUSE :

To grow a good coat a dog must be in good condition, and this necessitates a thorough purging of the bloodstream which acts as a 'conveyor' of the elements used in coat formation. If your dog is constantly shedding loose hairs, it shows that his coat is undernourished—a direct result of impure blood.



... AND CURE

Your dog will grow a thick, firm, lustrous coat if you give him Bob Martin's Condition Powders. Their action is to correct toxic impurities in the blood and to maintain a pure, rich bloodstream. Thus Bob Martin's prevent and cure disorders such as loose coat, listlessness and so on.

Blood purification is particularly important because a dog's skin is sensitive, whereas in human skin there are perspiration ducts by which impurities are eliminated.



CHOOR BAZAAR

"Good morning, Sahib. What are your Honour's requirements?"

"Six bottles of Rose's Lime Juice. The cholera will carry them in his toki."

"Ah, Sir, this is your lucky day. The stars are kind to you. I have here one excellent typewriter, built in 1911, only three letters missing, guaranteed perfect."

"I don't need a typewriter, I want some Rose's."

"I quite understand, Sir. I have here, Sir, a model of Lucknow railway station, constructed entirely of concrete, complete in glass case. Genuine bargain, Sir. No charge for the looking. No asking price. Only last price. The boy can take it!"

"I said Rose's Lime Juice, Rose's malm? Rose's! Rose's! Rose's!"

"Of course, Sir. Rose's Lime Juice. Very good for the drinks very good for not having the hangover. Everybody is knowing Rose's."

"That's the stuff. Got any?"

"One moment, Sir. I have here one copy of Sorrows of Sagar work by Lady Maria Correlli. Only little bit broken. One rupee six annas only."

"For the last time, have you a Rose's?"

"Oh, Sahib, you are my father and my mother. Also my son and the epitome of wisdom. This is only small town, Sir. All Rose's is sold out. You will have to write to Calcutta. I have here, Sir, one self-filling fountain pen..."

ROSE'S—The Wise Man's Nightcap

P.S.—The shortage of R.I.J., which began to be felt last year, is now becoming more acute. It is advised that you order sparingly what you have and have patience with your supplies.

AGREED...



'We want a cold cream that thoroughly cleanses the skin, not just the surface, but deep into the pores: that nourishes the tissues when it is left on over-night: that is pleasantly perfumed and economical in use..

'We want a vanishing cream that does not clog the pores but keeps the skin supple: that spreads evenly and retains its mat finish all day: that acts as a real powder base..

'Agreed that we will use only Stanistreet Cold and Vanishing Creams made by experts for use in the tropics."



Stanistreet

Our toilet preparations are manufactured from the finest raw materials the world can offer

★ **COLD CREAM**

★ **VANISHING CREAM**

Inserted by **SMITH STANISTREET & CO. LTD.**
CALCUTTA BOMBAY MADRAS KARACHI LUCKNOW AMRITSAR

SSK. 95



Daimler
goes to war

DAIMLER AND LANCHESTER CARS, LONDON AND COVENTRY, ENGLAND

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